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Selections.

FREMONT AND THE PRESIDENT.

Utterances of the Press.

From The Cincinnati Commercial.

WE have not been disposed to complain of the cautiousness and sensitiveness of the Administration regarding the slavery question, but there has for some time been an apparent necessity that it should have upon this subject, as upon some others, a clearly and sharply defined policy. Gen. Butler's idea of making negroes "contraband of war" answered tolerably well for a while, and had that sort of popularity which is vouchsafed a felicitous quibble that gives temporary relief from a desperate embarrassment. But the General was some time ago weary of his occupation of "keeping a negro boarding-house" at Fortress Monroe, as he expressed it, and wrote a pungent letter to the War Department demanding instructions. The reply of the Secretary of War was evasive, and the Administration has been allowing itself to be variously interpreted. Even the Confiscation Act, passed by Congress, and which Mr. Russell informs us was signed by the President reluctantly and after much hesitation, ten minutes before the close of the session (the clock being put back to accommodate him), touched the negro question in a circuitous and delicate style, confiscating only such negroes as were, by order or consent of their masters, engaged in military service against the United States government.

Gen. Fremont, in our judgment, met the critical and peculiar question, as the government should have met it. The good surgeon is not the one whose hand trembles and whose knife is dull. A steady hand and a keen blade are in surgery the most merciful as well as the most efficient. According to Gen. Fremont's proclamation, the slaves of men who were proven to be in arms against the United States, were declared free men. This was simple and to the point. It did not threaten, or endanger in any manner, the slave property of men loyal to the government, but proposed a short method of dealing with the slaves of armed traitors. Gen. Fremont did not desire to convert the St. Louis Arsenal into a negro boarding-house, after the manner of Fortress Monroe, or to follow the example of the Confederates, who confiscate and sell the negroes of Union men. At the same time that he would relieve himself of the trouble of taking care of the "contraband" negroes, he would make legitimate use of the relation of negro slavery, in placing a powerful inducement before slaveholders to be loyal to the government. There was nothing hair-brained, fanatical or insidious in this. On the contrary, it was in the straight line of common sense, and worthy of commendation. It threatened in terms only traitors armed for the destruction of our nationality, and the careful examination made into the cases of the two negroes who were actually manumitted, showed that its execution would not be either hasty or indiscriminate.

But the President has ordered Gen. Fremont to modify his proclamation so as to make it mean no more than the confiscation act. In a word, this is the abrogation of the proclamation; and it is an evasion by the Administration of the rugged issue of the slavery question, as forced upon the government by the slaveholding class and their sycophants. The traitors, in arms against the government and menacing the National Capital, are quite insensible to such a thing as the generosity of the friends of the government. They scorn our magnanimity and despise our charitableness, which they call by no tenderer name thrn cowardice. They can only be reached through their fears. The failure of the Administration to sustain Fremont—and *failure* is the word that fits the case—while it will not lessen their animosity, will increase their confidence. Neither charity nor diplomacy has any conquests to make in this rebellion until it is broken down.

From The Cincinnati Gazette.

We conclude that the policy declared in Gen. Fremont's proclamation is warranted by the laws of war, and by the usages of government in putting down insurrection. The President, solely in the use of his discretion in a question of military policy, orders that in respect to the property and negroes of rebels in arms, the proclamation shall be modified to conform to the civil law, leaving the military law in force against the lives of the rebels. The effect of this is to declare that the property of rebels in arms shall not be confiscated by military author ty; and as there is no civil law for confiscating it, except that which has been put in the military service, the effect is that the property of armed rebels is entitled to the same protection of law and of the army as the property of loyal citizens.

We have before described the effects of this policy in Missouri and Western Virginia, and its operation will be apparent to every one on reflection. It makes rebellion far safer than loyalty in those States. The rebels are confident that their property would be protected in any event, while they take a campaign with the rebel army, get up secession raids, and keep up guerilla murdering of our sentinels, messengers and teamsters, and at their leisure return to their property and assume the character of peaceful citizens. At a safe distance from our army of occupation, they plunder the Union men, who are thus made the only sufferers by the war. The consequence is, rebellion or passive neutrality is the only safe course for the inhabitants of these districts to take. There is no penalty for rebellion, consequently our army of occupation has no terrors to protect the Union men from the secessionists. But if the Union men take an active part for the government, or show any active sympathy with it, their property is plundered by the secessionists wherever it is not protected by the actual presence of our army.

Surprise has been expressed throughout the North at the apathy of the Union men in Western Virginia, and remarks, the reverse of complimentary, have been made at their Union professions and their great Union majorities, while they were willing to be protected by an army from other States without making an effort for themselves, and even declined to protect themselves against their own secession minority. But this policy will explain and justify this reluctance in part. If they were going to take up arms, it would be much safer for them to do it for secession; for then their property would be safe from the secessionists, and would have the protection of the government all the same. But if they should enlist in the government cause, their property would be confiscated to the rebel service wherever it was not protected by our army; and, of course, our army can occupy but a small portion of the country.

A rebellion can never be suppressed by such a policy; and there must be something wrong in the principle of a policy which makes rebellion safer than loyalty, and which makes the supporters of the government the only victims of the war against rebellion. Under this policy our army has been doing brave service in Western Virginia, and is continuing; but so far as effectually crushing secession there, is concerned, or establishing a loyal people capable of protecting themselves, it has made no progress; and if both the Confederate and our armies were now withdrawn, the secessionists would overcome the Union men and would control Western Virginia. How can any progress have been made in crushing secession when it has been subject to no penalties, and when it has enjoyed so much sport at so little risk, in shooting our soldiers? At this time, a man with anything on him that looks like the national uniform, need not go ten miles into Western Virginia without enjoying the luxury of being shot at from some concealment, or shot down openly if he meets more than one secessionist.

In Missouri, encouraged by the vigorous measures of Gen. Lyon, Union men took up arms for their own protection and to aid the government army. But when, for want of timely aid, Lyon's army was compelled to fall back, the property of these Union men was made to pay the penalty of their loyalty by being plundered by the secessionists. Gen. Fremont then resolved on a course that should make the rebels feel the penalties of the war and should make an inducement for Missouri secessionists to remain at home in peace, by showing them that if they took up arms against the government their property should be forfeited.

The moral effect of this in keeping doubtful men loyal, compelling secessionists to keep the peace, and in suppressing the rebellion, must have been immense. The moral effect on the people at large was hardly less important. They saw in this the evidence that rebellion was to be treated as a crime, and to be subjected to the fate of the war which it has brought upon the country. The President has decided to modify this course so far as to restore to the rebels the privileges and immunities in their property which they enjoyed before. In reality, it confers more than they have enjoyed before, for now he has formally ordered that military authority shall not seize the property of rebels unless it is put into the military service, while before, the property of a rebel in arms, especially a guerilla, might have been subject to the fate of war without any proclamation.

We suppose the President has carefully considered the effect of this policy, with the aid of the deliberations of the Cabinet, and has decided solely from patriotic considerations upon that course which he believes to be the best. He admits that Gen. Fremont, being on the ground, could better judge of the necessities of his position than he (the President) could at a distance. Therefore he still leaves to his discretion the proclamation of martial law so far as the lives of the rebels in arms is concerned; but he wishes it modified to the civil law in regard to their property and negroes.

Our tenderness toward slavery is our great element of weakness in this war; and if we fail to establish the government, that will be the cause of our failure. The sanctity of slave property has been so impressed on our minds by the character of our party politics, that we habitually regard it as something more than property, as a sacred institution, a divine right which even rebellion cannot alienate. In the North our party energies are so entirely occupied in exonerating ourselves from the charge which the South constantly repeats, that we intend to interfere with their slaves, by as constantly reiterating our innocence, and by affirming that slavery shall be more sacred to us than even our own faith, and shall be to us as the apple of our eye, that we continue to hold it sacred while the owners have forfeited every right to every other species of property by rebellion and atrocious crimes.

If this had been only a question of the confiscation of other property, it is not likely that any exceptions would have been taken in any quarter, except among those who were to suffer the penalty. But the negro is like an evil conscience, which "makes cowards of us all," and under his influence

> "The native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
> And enterprises of pith and moment
> With this regard their courses turn awry,
> And lose the name of action."

There are also the Union men of Kentucky to be soothed, whose jealousy in regard to interference with slave property is supposed to be so fearful—though we do not believe it—that they must have the slaves of rebels in arms made sacred against all penalties. In this way we carry on a mighty war that demands all our resources and immense sacrifices, subject to an element of weakness which fastens upon our armies a policy that makes the suppression of secession by the establishment of loyalty in the border slave States hopeless, and leaves only the possibility that when the rebellion is crushed by our victory in several great battles, and by our occupation of the principal Southern towns, it will then submit in detail, and the border States will become quiet. But our present policy can never put down rebellion by military occupation. Unless it succumbs after losing the great battles and great towns, it may continue eternally under our protection of the property of rebels, or until we adopt a new and a war policy.

From The Janesville (Wisconsin) Free Press.

The President has so modified Gen. Fremont's proclamation, in making the slaves of rebels in arms free, that it now amounts to little or nothing. The proclamation of Gen. Fremont itself did not go far enough, inasmuch as it did not proclaim the freedom of the slaves of *every* rebel—it was confined to rebels in arms, or those who had taken up arms against the country. The President's modification still further restricts it to those slaves who have borne arms against the government, or worked upon the fortifications of the enemy, as defined in the confiscation law of the last Congress. Thus the great and vital principle of that proclamation is dwarfed to a pigmy without life. The law of Congress ought to have nothing to do with it. Gen. Fremont had proclaimed *martial law* in Missouri, which abrogates all civil laws, whether enacted by Congress, a State Legislature, or a municipal corporation. He had a right to do this, as much right as the President has to order the members of a State Legislature into Fort Lafayette, or to suppress the circulation of newspapers in the mails. It is nonsense to suppose that martial law must conform to acts of Congress, because, if that were so, martial law could never be proclaimed at all—there would be no necessity for it—the laws of Congress being the only guide of action for our Generals in the field. We regard the reference of the President to this congressional law as an indication of a fatal weakness which dares not take a proper responsibility, or as an excuse to cover his hostility to the measure of freedom proclaimed by Gen. Fremont.

Looking at it in this light, it is with grief and indignation that we announce the determination of the President. We will not to-day speak further of it—would to God that we were not compelled to speak of it at all.

From The Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.

The speediest way to dissolve the rebel army at Manassas, and in and around Richmond, is, to use the cause of the rebellion against the rebels themselves. If there is a slave that desires to be free, let him go, in God's name, and do not force him to remain, to be, in turn, forced into the rebel ranks, and, as a *dernier resort*, made a living rampart between traitors and the loyal troops.

Our plan of operation should simply be to release the slaves of every master who is absent serving in the rebel armies. Not only to release them, but to give them possession of the soil they have so long tilled in bondage, to make them the companions of our own free blacks, and to allow them to arm themselves for the defence of their right in that property as they are now being armed to defend the titles of their masters in themselves, and the right of each master to that soil which their sweat and blood have enriched. If, by this means, we could rid the land of rebellion, and start the elevation of a race which have been too long degraded to the level of the brute, the end accomplished would justify the means used.

From The N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

Let Fremont's proclamation be carried into effect with the energy for which he is renowned, and slavery will melt away like dew before the morning sun in the great State of Missouri, and the battle with rebellion victoriously ended. Every secessionist in the State will be pointed out and marked by the Union Vigilance Committees, and his slaves at once informed that their benefactor has already made them free. The crime of *playing with treason* has ceased, at least in the Department of the West. The blows of the iron-fisted freemen of the North, hard, heavy and relentless, will now fall like an avalanche upon the murderers of their brethren of Kansas. The terrible wheel of God's justice is slowly but surely revolving, and the enemies of our free Republic will yet meet an awful doom. Death to traitors, and freedom to their oppressed bondmen, is now our cry! For every slave carried into the free Territory of Arizona by the rebels, let ten be liberated by the Union army. For every virgin Territory they consecrate to the black curse, let, at least, two slave States be forever consecrated to freedom.

From The Roxbury (Mass.) Journal.

One thing, we think, is entirely obvious. This is, that no document of the campaign, thus far, has been so favorably received as the proclamation of Gen. Fremont putting Missouri under martial law, and emancipating the slaves of those in arms against the government. No measure has done so much to inspire public confidence—to convince our people that the Administration is in earnest in its war with traitors, and is determined it shall be prosecuted till the rebellion is put down. It emphatically marks the period of the turn of the tide in our national struggle. It indicates the point where the gloom of disaster and despondency was succeeded by the light of hope and confidence. Every man breathed freer after its issue. We all felt instinctively that the Administration was at last stiffened up to the energy which the times required and the people demanded. This was by no means confined to the radical class in the community. The conservative organs of public opinion welcomed its appearance as well. The St. Louis *Republican*, the Baltimore *Patriot*, the Boston *Post*, sustained its positions, and more than justified—they applauded its issue.

President Lincoln, by his letter to Fremont, modifying, restricting, and explaining away some of its most important provisions, has done our country's cause not good, but mischief. He has done this, perhaps, more by the spirit than the letter of his missive. It was not so much by the strict terms of Fremont's proclamation that the country was inspirited—not chiefly that we expected, or even hoped for, a general emancipation of the bondmen of Missouri as its effect. It was because it showed the leaders of our country's cause to be in earnest in the nation's struggle. It was because it was an evidence that we had at last plunged with all our power into the contest—that we had thrown to the winds all idea of compromise with rebellion, and were determined to fight it to the bitter end with all the means that God and nature had put into our hands. It was because it indicated that the day of squeamishness and false toleration had gone by, and there was no legitimate weapon of warfare which would not be turned against the traitors in arms.

It is just this feeling which President Lincoln's letter comes in to dampen. The letter is another of those discouraging and deplorable symptoms of *hanging back*, which have cursed our cause from the beginning.

SLAVEHOLDERS IN REBELLION.

The Journal of Commerce (which it gives us pleasure to name as now loyal to the Union) is gratified with the President's order to Gen. Fremont. Yet in the same breath in which it censures the General, it lays down principles which, in our judgment, are a warrant for the emancipation of every slave held by rebels in arms against the United States—and especially of every slave held by armed rebels in Missouri:

"There is really no practical difficulty whatever in the treatment of slaves by the army, according to the ordinary principles of law or the common rules of war. As to making our soldiers slave-catchers, we apprehend that no one expects it, North or South; and as to affording shelter to fugitives, we are unable to perceive on what principle they are to be treated differently from poor persons of any other color or position in the places where they may be found. An advancing army will necessarily make what use it can of all property of rebels in arms, and in doing so will, without waiting the slow processes of courts, seize and consume provisions, transfer to their own uses all arms and munitions of war, horses, waggons, and available goods, and will of course make the slaves of a rebel useful if they can, and if they cannot will let them look out for themselves. This would effect the virtual freedom of many slaves, nor do we see how a people in arms can expect any other result than this in the immediate localities where the war is carried on."

Whatever difficulty there has been in regard to "the treatment of slaves by the army," must be referred to some ill-advised departure from "the ordinary principles of law and the common rules of war." The difficulty has arisen from the expectation on the part of politicians that Federal soldiers—like all other Federal functionaries—must needs be "slave-catchers"; and that our armies in the revolted states are to assist the rebels in keeping down their slaves. Had the principle that fugitive slaves coming over from the enemy to our camps are *not* "to be treated differently from poor persons of any other color or position in the places where they may be found," been thoroughly understood and accepted, from the beginning, by President and Secretaries, by Generals and Colonels, there would have been "no practical difficulty." If it had not been long ago inculcated as an axiom in politics, that property in slaves has a peculiar and preëminent sacredness, and that the Federal Constitution somehow identifies "persons held to service"—if politicians of all parties had not been bewildered time out of mind with the preposterous notion that under the Federal government there can be no slave but a negro or a person of African descent, and that every negro is of course a slave unless emancipated by the authority of a State—it would have been assumed on all sides at the beginning of the war, that fugitives from the enemy, rich or poor, white, black, or of any intermediate hue, were to be received as friends, and were to be protected at all hazard against whatever claim the enemy might urge for their surrender. We will venture to say, that from the days of Nimrod till this year of the Christian era 1861, no government struggling for its existence against a desperate rebellion, ever had any such scruples as those by which our government has been so unaccountably embarrassed. The question, just now, is not what shall be done with the slaves of loyal or peaceable citizens in Maryland, in Missouri, or Kentucky. We have no special occasion to take thought to-day for the question of to-morrow. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." The question of to-day is, What shall be done with the slaves of "rebels in arms?" If the President is afraid to learn from Gen. Fremont, let him at least learn from *The Journal of Commerce*. Let our advancing army, whether on the Potomac or on the Mississippi, "*make what use it can of* ALL *property of rebels in arms.*" Let all our commanders, "without waiting the slow processes of courts," and without reference to acts of Congress which courts and marshals are to execute, "seize and consume provisions, transfer to their own uses all arms and munitions of war, horses, wagons, and available goods." It is folly to think of carrying on the war if we are not to avail ourselves of all the rights of a belligerent. If we are to exercise the rights of a belligerent, then our commanders "will of course make the slaves of a rebel useful if they can, and if they cannot, will let them look out for themselves." This is not a bad definition of emancipation: "Let the slave look out for himself."—*Independent.*

THE BARBARISM OF SLAVERY.

SELDOM in the history of the world has there been a record of more unmitigated barbarism than the Southerners have displayed during the progress of this rebellion. Every mail comes laden with stories of outrages, which are almost without a parallel in Christendom. Merely for the expression of an opinion that slavery is impolitic, or that the Constitution of the United States deserves respect, women are insulted, imprisoned, scourged. Men have their heads shaven, are smeared with tar, mutilated at the whipping post, and hung. It is said that there are more than two hundred well authenticated cases of these savage executions at the South, within the last year. It is the spirit of slavery which has thus converted men to demons.

There are, no doubt, some exaggerated or unfounded rumors. The following facts are reliable. A gentleman recently escaped from Georgia to New York. The writer saw him. He was a merchant at the South. The only way he could save himself from all the horrors of lynch violence was to assume that he was one of the most fierce of the secessionists. He was drafted into the army to fight in support of a rebellion he detested, and against a government he revered. By feigning important business in New York, and by leaving every dollar of his property without the slightest protection, he so far disarmed suspicion as to escape—but utterly ruined—beggared.

Two Northern gentlemen were conversing at the South. A Southerner came up and said to one, "*You are a damned Yankee, and the Yankees are damned Abolitionists,*" and with his revolver shot him through the heart. No more attention was paid to the outrage than if he had shot a mad dog.

A Northern lady was at a breakfast table in New Orleans. "What is the news?" some one inquired. "None," was the reply, "except that a party of men last night took another fort, driving out the United States soldiers." "Is it not treason," inquired the Northern lady, very innocently, "to attack a fort of the United States?" Louisiana had not then seceded. A man of large wealth, and prominent in the community, broke out upon her in the coarsest language which could be framed of profane and vulgar vituperation, threatening to hold her husband answerable for her sentiments. The lady, terrified in view of the insults and death she had probably brought upon her husband, said, "Will you accept the apology of a lady, when I assure you that I intended no offense?" "Yes," was the reply of the wretch, "I will accept the apology of a *lady*; but *you* are no lady; and when I meet your husband, I will wring his nose for him." Such is slaveholding chivalry. Not one at the table interposed to protect the lady.

An old man from the West was seised in Savannah for the crime of loving the Union. One half of his head was shaved, and then his whole head and face were daubed with tar and covered with cotton. In this plight, he was put into the cars, to be sent out of the Southern Confederacy. When he reached Atlanta, Georgia, a telegram to the chivalry there had announced his arrival. The dispatch was concluded with the words, "*If you catch him, give him hell.*" The wretches were on hand. They tore him from the cars as he was piteously begging for his life, and imploring that he might be permitted to return home to his family. Amidst fiendish yells, he was borne off to torture, and, doubtless, to death, for the poor old man has not been heard from since. A gentleman of Cincinnati, escaping himself, in disguise, from this reign of terror, witnessed this scene.

In Augusta, Georgia, some gentlemen were sitting together discussing public affairs. One, who was from the North, said, in reply to contemptuous allusions to the cowardice of the North, "Gentlemen, we must not underrate the strength of the enemy." It was a treasonable remark. The mob were set upon him. His explanations were of no avail. He was seized; his head was shaved; his head and face were daubed with tar; he was whipped, on the bare back, till the blood dripped to his feet, and was then allowed twelve hours to leave the city, if he would escape hanging.

We might fill pages with such narratives, well authenticated. The Southern Confederacy has sunk into a barbarism which is a disgrace to Christendom. Every American must be overwhelmed with shame to think that such deeds can be perpetrated in the United States, in this, the nineteenth century. But it is the natural result of the barbarism which slavery engenders. Men who pursue their brothers with bloodhounds, who sell maidens at auction, who flog naked women and girls, as regardless of their persons as if they were dogs, who practise all the inhumanities of manacles, whippings, and burning at the stake, which are necessary to keep in subjection a brutalized and crushed race, must become barbarian. They and their children, of necessity, lapse into a semi-civilized state. The fact is undeniable that the slaveholding States, taken as a whole, are but a half civilized community. "The South is a decaying race. Within its own bosom lie the seeds of certain ruin." Accustomed to tyrannize over the helpless, becoming brutal by cruelty, with consciences seared by the constant violation of every principle of right, and even inflamed with vile whiskey, a Southern mob displays attributes of incarnate fiends, such as can scarcely be found in heathendom.—*Rev. John S. C. Abbott, in The Congregationalist.*

COMPOUNDING FELONY.

IT is amusing to see the different shades and gradations by which men make up their minds to befriend an avowed felony, like that which stole an African from his native land, and keeps him when stolen. And besides this, it is a fine study, as throwing light on the construction of those human hearts, which if not always desperately wicked, maintain a fair claim to the minor charge, of being deceitful above all things.

Now, who could have supposed, that when there was a fair and unmistakable opening for putting down the greatest existing blot on human society—an opportunity which small exercise of the faculties of the politician or the soldier must have told them would, according to all present odds, speedily be successful—that with all this staring them in the face there should have been such a bold stand, to the utmost limits of the practicable, made in England for keeping down the national movement against slavery, and holding out all manner of comfort, solace, and encouragement to its supporters, and dabs of cold water in the faces of its opponents?

And, first, why "on this most unhappy subject does it become us to abstain from whatever might be deemed to indicate an opinion upon the merits of the controversy?" Do men do so in any other instance? There might be situations where prudent men would not bring up a controversy foreign to the questions before the court. But would they seize that moment to introduce the subject for the purpose of saying it would be very improper to indicate an opinion? The mere fact of doing so, is indicating an opinion in the strongest form. It is seizing the opportunity to say everything, on the plea of saying nothing. This may be all very proper, and within the duties of an advocate. But it leaves no doubt of what the advocacy is. It may be in Quintilian or not, but the practical bearing is clear. There are those of us who call it "a most *happy* subject," and sing their "*Gloria in excelsis*" with heart and outstretched voice.

Another form of persuasion to open our mouths, as the children say, and see what heaven will send us (though spoken to before), is the "nameless horrors" bugbear. Do not pull down felony, for there will be nameless horrors. You have no notion what terrible fellows the honest men are when relieved from felony, and what "nameless horrors" are inflicted by them on the defenceless of the felons. For goodness sake, stand up between the felons and the results of putting felons down! As said before, the true answer to this foolish and indecent plea will be, when the white women of the South petition against the right of buying yellow mistresses on the auction-block.

A milder form of the same devotion to the interests of humanity, is in the question of "What is to become of the negroes?" Think of their condition when they have no master to flog them into the right way, or keep them from those perilous acquirements of A, B, C, to which there is so strong a propensity in human kind! Or, perhaps, the objectors will stand on less romantic points. How are they to be fed, if they are not to have the "herring with one eye?" By what possible process can four million of open mouths be filled, if you do not continue the present feeds from the head-hostler or overseer?

Feeble specimen of things that walk in doublet and hose, did it never occur to you that they were to be fed as the negroes in the British West Indies were fed, by working for wages instead of the provender of cattle? Once let the military superiority of the North be fairly established—as in all reason would be done in one campaign, if there was not the idiotic resolution to do without the native allies—and see how the Southerners would flock like crows to the carcase, to pray for remission of their estates forfeited by unsuccessful rebellion, on condition of entering heartily into carrying on their cultivation as before, only by means of the negro with wages less than was the cost of keeping him before. There might be difficulties, as there are in eating an artichoke, which Gen. Scott would soon settle. Men must be blinded by a judicial pinch of snuff in their organs of vision, who can be led astray on this ground. But it is astonishing how hard an ill thing dies; how it twists and wriggles, and shows itself in forms which might deceive even the elect.

One more "last words" there is of the dying serpent; which is expressed in the hope that at all events the Northerns will pay the market price for the negroes. A decent suggestion and a comely, where rebellion has been tried and failed. Fancy it applied in any other case, though there is none in which it would not be needful to apologize for the opprobrious comparison. But fancy that, in any case the imagination may select, after a defeated rebellion the victorious party was asked to come forward with an offer to buy up the *casus belli*. *Before* the trial there might be something said for an offer to buy up the stakes. But *after*, do there exist on earth men so lost to all sense of what is honest or of good report, as to push their neighbors on such an expedient, save and except always those who have some lurking bias, whether they know it themselves or not, to counsel a course so stamped with unprofitable imbecility?

Perhaps a light may be thrown upon the present policy of the thing. It is to distract attention from the plain, straightforward course, by suggesting something else. It may carry with it some shallow show of followers; but they will neither be many nor strong. The hope of all men who have the ordinary share of brains or hearts, is that the days of slavery are numbered, and happy is he who can tread down a snare on one side the Atlantic, though he cannot do more towards advancing the truth upon the other.

The British ministry is already buffeted by the honest Conservatives, for having "most shamefully aided and abetted the Southern States under the poor plea of neutrality," and "dignifying the rebels with the preposterous title of a belligerent power, thus recognizing their right to hire hundreds of blood-thirsty pirates who infest the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico." To which may be added, the studied insult of sending reënforcements to Canada in the "Great Ship," instead of sending quietly *à fur et à mesure* as well-disposed people would have done, and which the papers say is to be repeated. All this only points to the necessity we English are under of getting up a ministry when we can, which shall be independent of the two stock channels in which government has been supposed to run.

Yours sincerely, T. PERRONET THOMPSON.

Eliot Vale, Blackheath, Eng., Sept. 5, 1861.

POLICY OF THE ADMINISTRATION IN RESPECT TO SLAVERY.

[Extract of a Sermon delivered at Peterboro, N. Y., Sept. 22d, 1861, by GERRIT SMITH.]

WE are living in the midst of events the most portentous the world has ever witnessed. The hour has come when the very existence of the great nation is threatened; and when we see, as we never saw before, the measureless evil of the well nigh universal enslavement to authority. When the present war burst out, it found the North fast bound in habits of deference to slavery and worship of the Constitution—habits to which alone it will be owing if the North is conquered. Nothing had done so much to intensify these habits as the ceaseless cunning cry of the slaveholders for the Constitution, and their ceaseless cunning lie that it was made especially for the protection and advantage of slavery. All our patriotism was summoned in behalf of the Constitution, and all our love of the Constitution was appealed to in behalf of slavery. We were reckoned no patriot, and stood little chance for office, if we did not worship the Constitution; and the way of all ways to prove the sincerity of this worship was to worship slavery. To take advantage of this weakness of the North has been the ruling policy of the South for a whole generation. Emphatically has it been the artful and effective policy of the rebels ever since they began the war. While they were firing at our ships and forts, and plundering us of our property, they did not forget to remind us that *our* part of the work was to observe the Constitution—aye, and to observe it very scrupulously. In the late session of Congress, while the loyal members were engaged upon plans for meeting Southern force with Northern force, the impudent and hypocritical members, who were in the interest of the rebels, and despised the Constitution, were pouring forth their lamentations over the unconstitutionality of these plans. Nothing is so effectual to interest us in sparing and promoting slavery, as this parade of affection for the Constitution which we idolize, and this assumption that slavery is the constitutional darling. This taking men in the line of their weakness is tactics of a very effective kind. Justin, an old Latin historian, says that the Scythians could not subdue their revolted slaves until they went at them with their whips instead of swords. It was the habit of the slaves to yield to whips; and whips, with the help of this habit, were therefore mightier upon them than swords. Now, President Lincoln would be as brave as a lion in the presence of the biggest gun in the whole Southern army. But only remind him of his constitutional obligations to slavery—in other words, only take him where habit has already taken and conquered him—and he becomes as weak as a Scythian slave. However brave and strong he is elsewhere, nevertheless in the line of his weakness he is nothing but weakness. And yet how can he help it? He should not be judged harshly. Like many an honest man, he finds it hard to go against his habits. There was one rebel against whom even king David could not fight. He could not so far suspend the habit of his heart. Over this rebel it was that his weakness exclaimed: "Would God I had died for thee!" I do not believe that the President will carry his lamentation so far over slavery, when that rebel is dead. Nevertheless, when I see him periling his country for the sake of saving this most accursed rebel, albeit it is, as he views it, for the sake of saving the Constitution, I feel like saying to him, as did Joab to David: "Thou lovest thine enemies and hatest thy friends." Enemies indeed are they!—not slavery only, but in effect the Constitution also. For by means of the artfulness of the foe and of our own weakness, untimely and excessive care for the Constitution has become the greatest danger of the country. When I see commander after commander sending men into slavery, and hear no rebuke of it from the President, I confess that I am ready to exclaim: "Thou lovest thine enemies and hatest thy friends." These commanders trample not upon humanity only, but upon the Constitution also. But the President, educated to look upon the Constitution as the servant of slavery, is alarmed for it by nothing that is pro-slavery, but by that only which is anti-slavery. Is it said that these commanders are not bound to respect the Constitution at all times? I admit that they are not. Nevertheless they are never to act irrespective of it save for the one purpose of military advantage. But how there can be such advantage in declining the help of men and turning them into enemies I do not perceive. To every one guilty of such folly and madness do the words apply: "Thou lovest thine enemies and hatest thy friends." Less than three weeks ago a black man reached our camp on the Indiana side of the Ohio in such distressful and affecting circumstances as would have moved men of heart to bathe him in tears of pity and love. But with a malignity and fiendishness more unnatural and gratuitous than ever before heard of, he was seized and sent South, to be the slave of a rebel officer. The President has no censure for the outrage. Probably he construes it into a happy instance of devotion to the Constitution. But if he does, then again can it be said to him: "Thou lovest thine enemies and hatest thy friends." Such crimes as I have here and many others often fills me with fear that my country is lost; and that the best men and women in it, toil and pray they ever so much for it, "shall but deliver their own souls." My fear is not of the rebels. It springs from the fact that God fights against us, and that He will not cease until we have ceased to fight against His poor. We are stronger than the rebels, but God is stronger than we.

Of all that has occurred to inspire me with the apprehension that the President's habit of worshipping the Constitution and slavery will never be broken, and that our country may therefore perish, his recent treatment of Gen. Fremont is chief. The proclamation put forth by that brave and judicious man had awakened, all over the North, the hope that the policy of saving the Constitution and slavery at the hazard of losing the country, was at last entirely abandoned. But the President has laid his hand upon the proclamation, and blasted all the hope it had awakened. Here again he has invited the remonstrance: "Thou lovest thine enemies and hatest thy friends." Let me say of the proclamation, that if it is wrong, it is so solely because the exigencies of war did not call for it. To say, as the President does, that it is wrong because it does not correspond with a certain law of Congress, is simply ridiculous—disgraceful to himself and to the country which has called him into his high office. Amid such exigencies commanders are not to look to Congress for law. They "are a law unto themselves." Least of all are they to look to such a poor, cowardly, contemptible, absurd law as is this, which the President thrusts in the face of Fremont, and bids him obey. The President was reluctant to sign this law because it bore so hard upon the rebels. Whereas he should have refused to sign it because it bore no harder. What a law was this to enact when the enemy was at our gates!—a law providing that we might take very little of the enemy's property, and leaving the whole balance to be used by him for prosecuting the war against us! What is more clear than that both Congress and the President are still under the spell of slavery, and still bound up in their educated servility to it, and still far from being entirely in earnest in the work of saving their country! I sometimes am tempted to wish that I were not an Abolitionist—that so I might be heard—for yet awhile an Abolitionist cannot, must not, be heard. My soul is sick of the shams of this war. My indignation is impatient to break forth in the presence of popular assemblies. But on the whole I am content to be an Abolitionist, and to belong to that class which, say what you will against it, will never furnish an inmate for Fort Lafayette, nor for any other prison for traitors. No, never one of this class will be so much as suspected of sympathy with the rebels. I do not forget that the Abolitionists are esteemed to be fools. But give me earnest folly in preference to heartless wisdom.

One reason why Abolitionists are, as Abolitionists, saying so little is, that until the country is up to the low point of saving itself, it is vain to ask it to save the slave. When a man is drunk, we do not speak to him of Christianity. We wait until he gets sober. When he is insane, we postpone speaking to him of what sanity alone can comprehend. Until our country shall have so far come to herself as to be willing to defend herself by every weapon within her reach and to reduce the power of her enemy in every possible way, she will be quite too low to be reached by abolition truth. That truth will be to her but as "pearls before swine." We will talk to no man for the slave who is himself so enslaved to his prejudices or so tender of the guilty interests of his foe as to refuse to be saved at the expense of offending those prejudices or of damaging those interests. Our first work with that man is to cure him of his idiocy or insanity.

The course for the President to pursue toward Gen. Fremont was a plain one. 1. If he had confidence in the General's judgment, he should have left him to its free exercise, instead of exciting doubts of its soundness, and thereby impairing his prestige and influence. A schoolmaster correcting the written page of his pupil illustrates the attitude to which the President has degraded Fremont in the eyes of the country and its enemy. No thanks to the President, if either in council or battle Fremont shall still be able to have himself respected as every commander needs be respected. 2. If the President were so conceited as to believe that he, sitting in Washington, knew more of the wants of Missouri than did Fremont, who was acting in Missouri, then he should have recalled him and supplied his place with one in whose wisdom he had more confidence. But I have no doubt that all the differences in this case between the President and Fremont are resolvable into the single difference that while the one does, like a wise man, hold to the commander's absolute right, in certain circumstances, to dispose, at his mere discretion, of any or all the property of the foe, the other, sadly perverted by his pro-slavery training—if not, indeed, ruinously so both for himself and country—still persists in qualifying this right. It is for the country to decide between them. It it goes with Fremont at this point, it is saved. But if with the President, it is lost. It is idle to deny that this is the real difference, and that the cause of it, on the part of the President, is regard for slaveholding interests. If he was so slow to consent that even Congress should provide for the confiscation of even so small a part of the possessions of the rebels, how strongly must he have been opposed to sweeping them all away—and that, too, by a so much humbler authority! Again, if the President must take exception to the proclamation, why was it not to that part which orders the sure and summary shooting? Simply because that is not the part which disturbs his long and deeply-cherished sense of the sacredness of slave property. His concern is for such property—not for life. The President seizes citizens even in the free States, and imprisons them without publicly preferring any charges against them. He suspends the *habeas corpus* even where martial law is not declared. All this he does without caring to have any cover of law for it. And in all this I admit that he is right, emphatically right. But slavery, he holds, is too sacred to be touched but in the name of law! Nay, he can hardly be brought to sign a law for touching it, even very tenderly! For God's sake, and man's sake, do I say—out with this pro-slavery education!

I said that the country is the umpire between the President and Fremont. It has already shown itself to be on the side of Fremont. Such as the New York State Democratic Committee praise the President; and in having the glory of such, he verily has his reward. I see with amazement and sorrow that Mr. Holt of Kentucky is on the side of the President. Knowing his fine talents and his declarations in favor of "no compromise" with the rebels, I should once have been glad to see him in the Cabinet. But I beg to know what is compromising with them, if exempting a part of their property from our grasp is not. Nay, I deny (and, earth over, the court of common sense will sustain my denial) that the President and Mr. Holt are to be regarded as favoring the most earnest prosecution of this war, so long as they will leave to the foe the property he needs for furnishing himself food, clothing, or other means of subsistence, be this property ploughs, horses, or anything else which he claims and uses as property. That Mr. Holt's soul is not yet wrought up into such prosecution of the war is manifest from his calling the disposal of the slaves of the rebels a "delicate and perplexing question." I trusted that he had, by this time, got very far beyond that milestone—very far beyond feeling delicacy or perplexity in depriving the rebels of any of their property or power. I trusted, in a word, that he was by this time for war, without any qualifications or reservations.

Mr. Holt illustrates in himself the mistake of hoping that men, brought up under the befogging and befooling influences of slavery, can ever be good for anything as statesmen or lawyers on questions connected with slavery. Mr. Holt does not admit that the slaves, which our government takes from the rebels, do thereby become necessarily free. On the contrary, he manifestly believes that it will be for "the Courts of the United States or subsequent legislation" to decide whether they are free, or whether they have but shifted owners. Such is his view of the Constitution, that government can become a great slave-owner under it—having millions of slaves to hire out or to sell!

The bare statement of Mr. Holt's position is enough to show its absurdity. Not only is it true (and this Mr. Holt will himself admit) that the change which the President's fingers (not Fremont's unsoiled fingers) put into the proclamation has no retroactive power, and that, therefore, the slaves whom he freed are forever free; but it is also true that the slaves who, under the changed proclamation or under the law of Congress referred to, shall pass into the hands of government, will also be forever free—at the most, men being slaves under State law—never after they have passed under Federal law. For if it is held that it is the

vided only that it might be in a carpeted room. The selectness of this gentleman well illustrates that of our country. Saving yourself anyhow is no less offensive to the fastidious taste of a negro-despising nation than it is to the refined habits of an aristocratic sinner. And not less wide does hell yawn for such a foolish nation than for such a foolish individua

One thing that foreigners are now seeing, and that even we, notwithstanding our blinding self-esteem, can hardly fail to see, is, that although the democratic education is comparatively the best one for times of peace, it is not so certainly the best one for every emergency and requirement of war. Circumstances there have been and will be in the present war in which the commander must forget Constitution, statute, and public opinion, and do what he will as freely and fully as the veriest despot. Nevertheless, candor obliges me to confess that it is not yet abundantly proved that either our people or our rulers, civil or military, are prepared to fall in with the calls of such circumstances, so trained are they all to boundless respect for law and opinion, and to boundless dread of whatever disregards either.

I do not deny that foreigners are looking forward to the possible necessity of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by the nations of the earth. And why should they not be? The world is not bound to bear for a long time the great disturbance by this war of her industrial and commercial interests. Moreover, she is bound to shorten this time, if she finds us refusing to put forth every effort to shorten it. Again, should we persist in our abominable war upon the blacks, and should the South, in order to gain favor at home and abroad, be pressed into the policy of EMANCIPATION, the nations ought not to defer for a single day the recognition of the Southern nation—ay, and to hold it in higher esteem than the Northern one. The continued madness of our rulers and our press leads me to anticipate as a far more than possible event this honor of the South and this disgrace of the North. I add that, Northern and strongly Northern as I am, nevertheless, the South, giving up injustice, would be dearer to me than the North continuing in it. I would honor justice, though at the expense of patriotism.

A word just here concerning the great popular error of confounding the Constitution of the country with the nature of her government. People seem to think that an American cannot be in favor of democratic government unless he is constantly boiling over with concern for the Constitution. But let me say—who, from having stood up so long for every line and letter of it, can afford to say it—that the Constitution is not the government, but only the way in which the government expresses itself. Our government is in its large sense that grand democratic principle which lies deep down in the heart of our people, and which will not be given up for any other kind of government. If need be, for the salvation of the country, let the Constitution be thrown to the winds. To that end the North may trample it as deep under foot as the South has done. The democratic principle, which our people cherish, will reproduce Constitutions as often as there may be occasion for them. It is, I repeat it, the government, and the Constitution is but the way in which, for the time being, the principle operates. The principle will, I trust, be eternal—aye, and in the end, universal also. But the Constitutions which are made to carry it out may be changed from generation to generation. People are foolish in saying that their country will be gone when the Constitution is gone. I own that I shall have no country left, and shall wish none left, when her chosen and cherished principle of government shall have been crushed out of her. But that PRINCIPLE can survive a thousand Constitutions; and as long as it lives and reigns, or but promises to reign, in my country, so long I shall have a country. Our present war is a struggle between the friends and foes of that principle—the friends and foes of democracy. Its friends will prevail if they shall come to be entirely in earnest. But not otherwise. They are not in earnest who have time to talk and hearts to tremble for the Constitution. And they are not in earnest who, like the late State Democratic Convention in Syracuse, or like numerous politicians all over the North, can, at such a time as this, amuse themselves with getting up, or with threats of getting up, issues with the Republicans and with the Abolitionists. They, and they only, are in earnest who, until their country is safe, go *for* nothing but her, and *against* nothing but her enemies.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

THE EMANCIPATION MEMORIAL.

WE print in this number of THE STANDARD a Memorial to Congress, which we are given to understand will be extensively circulated at the North for signatures, in time to call the attention of the National Legislature to the solution of our troubles which it suggests, at its approaching session. We commend it to the thoughtful attention of our readers and friends as a means of inviting legislative action to which no objection can be made by any one who is not in heart and soul under bondage to negro slavery. This proposition is by no means an abolition device, in the sense in which that excellent word is made offensive in sound conservative ears. We do not understand that its suggestion proceeded from a technical anti-slavery source. It is the result to which minds of every texture, educated under every variety of relation towards the South, and of all the different opinions which honest men can feel regarding slavery, have been compelled to come by the exigencies of the Nation. What opposition it may meet with from any persons not fanatically pro-slavery we anticipate rather from our friends than from our opponents, under the impression that it is [illegible] a ritual anti-slavery testimony, which they have maintained faithfully from the beginning. But we trust that they will find, upon full consideration, that there is no vital inconsistency with their principles in anything contained in the Memorial.

We apprehend that there is no one likely to see or hear of what we write that doubts the main assertion of the Memorial. That this rebellion has "its root and nourishment in chattel slavery," that the leading conspirators are fanatical slaveholders, constituting an oligarchy avowedly hostile to free institutions, and that no solid peace can be had while the cause of the revolt remains, we can hardly hope to have a reader that will deny. These are patent facts, self-evident propositions, which force themselves on the minds of all whose mental sight is not dazed by the false presentments and blear illusions of slavery. Indeed, the men the most ready to admit that slavery is the cause of all our woes and its abolition their only cure, are not Abolitionists, nor yet Republicans; but men brought up in the nurture and admonition of Democracy, or of Whiggery, before it perished in the fatal embrace of slavery. There is a very unanimous opinion at the North as to the source whence all our mischiefs flow, which finds expression through most miraculous organs. We believe that the perception fo emancipation as the only basis of permanent and honorable peace and prosperity is as universal and distinct. Indeed, the one follows the other as the day the night, and the only question that disturbs the general mind in contemplating the subject, is, How can this great end be accomplished, with a just regard to those obligations by which we have bound ourselves in our acceptance of the constitutional compact? This question we conceive to be satisfactorily answered in the Memorial in question, and we are convinced that should Congress be wise enough to take the bold measure asked of them, the details of its reduction to practice would be found astonishingly simple and easy. If bent on the achievement, we believe that we can recall our downward steps and lead with us the sad company of our victims up from the hell of slavery to the upper air of freedom, not without sacrifice certainly, but without the insuperable and mortal difficulties we are bidden to expect.

The constitutionality of this way of final adjustment is beyond cavil. The power granted to Congress to make war includes all that is essential to the exercise of that power, and the right of all governments to suppress insurrections against their lawful authority infers the right to confiscate the property of rebels and to do whatever is necessary for the suppression and prevention of the recurrence of insurrection. Congress has recognized this war power in the emancipation of the slaves of rebels used in the furtherance of the rebellion, by actual participation therein. It is but a step, and hardly that, to decree the emancipation of all the slaves of all the rebels wherever they may be, or however employed. Such slaves are necessarily employed in the furtherance of the rebellion, if they are supporting the families of their masters, or earning for them the means of helping forward the war. Every slave engaged in raising cotton which is pledged in whole or in part to the Confederate Treasury, is as much employed directly in aiding the rebellion, as if he were digging trenches in the field. There can be no constitutional question as to the power to set free the slaves of all persons in any way implicated, directly or indirectly, in the rebellion. And this includes, by far, the greater proportion of the whole. If the rebellious masters were so many in Missouri and Kentucky that the omnipotent Mr. Holt interferes to procure the modification of Gen. Fremont's proclamation setting free all such—of course because it was the same thing as setting free the whole body of slaves—how many loyal masters are there likely to be in Virginia and the cotton States? But in favor of all such the Memorial provides a pecuniary allowance which shall save them harmless from all loss. The constitutionality of taking property for public uses, provided the owners are paid for the same, is unquestionable, the case being expressly provided for. And, surely, there never was a public use so holy as the delivery of the country, and especially the Southern country, from the abiding and inhering curse of negro slavery.

We do not anticipate any opposition to this measure, on this ground, from any politician or man of the world, in the common sense of the word. Objections may be made by Abolitionists who have been carrying on their movement for thirty years on the fundamental principle of immediate emancipation without compensation or expatriation. This is the true foundation principle of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, on which it has been builded up to its present overshadowing greatness. The denial of compensation was a part of the assertion of the right of every man, white or black, to his own body, without acknowledgment of the right of anybody else in it. If the clause in this Memorial expressed or implied a recognition of the legal right of property of the master in the body of the slave, no Abolitionist could possibly sign it, for it would be a repudiation of the very vital principle of his whole anti-slavery life. But it seems to us that the Memorial is so worded as to avoid this difficulty. What Abolitionist has not cheerfully contributed to buy the freedom of slaves, without dreaming that by this act of humanity he was acknowledging the right of the master to the price of the souls of men? Though we have never believed in the efficiency of single purchases of slaves as any remedy for the evil, we presume there are none of us that have not helped in such dealings, when the case was made out clearly and satisfactorily. Without acknowledging the right of the master to his slave, we were content to contribute of our substance, that his claim in that particular slave might be extinguished and the slave restored to his self-ownership. In what does the consent to be assessed in our means to extinguish the title of all masters, who have not forfeited their constitutional title by rebellion, in the slaves they do actually hold under the Constitution, differ from this in principle? The admission of their right of ownership is expressly reserved by the terms of the Memorial, while their readiness to bear their share in the pecuniary inconveniences of the transition stage is plainly expressed. Is there any abandonment of principle in doing this? We cannot discern it. Can there be any such, then, in asking Congress to enable us to do it? We are unable to discover any, and hope that all haters of slavery, and the best haters of it most of all, will be instant in bringing an overwhelming weight of public sentiment to bear on Congress in this direction when it next assembles.

The aspect of the horizon of the nation shows there is no time to be lost in this matter. It is now plain to those who can discern the signs of the times, and it will soon be clear to those that cannot, that there is no other way of escape for the life of the nation. The Cabinet and the Generals have been outwitted and out-manœuvred. Mr. Lincoln, by his weak yielding to the urgency of the border State interest, has delivered up Missouri into the hands of the rebels, and Kentucky will soon be theirs, too. Mr. Davis is more than a match for him, and has been conquering Washington in Kentucky and Missouri. With as many men and as good officers, inspired by a fiery zeal and fury of which we have no scintillation on our side, the prospects of the rebellion were never better than now. The expeditions along the coast, placed under the command of a Marylander by the superseding of the gallant Stringham for having done his work too well, can hardly be crowned with the success the nation hopes from them. Even if pushed in the best of faith, the chances of repulse to expeditions from ships, resisted from the shore, is two to one. It is altogether likely that the President will have to elect, before the time of the meeting of Congress, between the recognition of the Confederacy and the emancipation of the slaves. It is all-important that his mind should be enlightened as to the sense of the North, and his hands strengthened to carry it out, and this cannot be better done than by the expression of that sense through the press, by public speech, and by the multitudinous signing of this Memorial. He can only stand as he is upheld, he can only advance as he is pushed forward by the people behind him. The people of the United States will have very soon to decide the question which it will abolish—slavery or itself. The future greatness and glory of the nation depend upon the decision it makes. And it cannot be made too soon.

MEMORIAL OF THE PEOPLE TO CONGRESS.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the Inhabitants thereof."

To the Congress of the United States:

THE undersigned, citizens of , State of , respectfully submit—

That as the present formidable rebellion against the General government manifestly finds its root and nourishment in the system of chattel slavery at the South; as the leading conspirators are slaveholders, who constitute an oligarchy avowedly hostile to all free institutions; and as, in the nature of things, no solid peace can be maintained while the cause of this treasonable revolt is permitted to exist; your honorable body is urgently implored to lose no time in enacting, under the war power, the total abolition of slavery throughout the country—liberating unconditionally the slaves of all who are rebels, and, while not recognizing the right of property in man, allowing for the emancipated slaves of such as are loyal to the government a fair pecuniary award, as a conciliatory measure, and to facilitate an amicable adjustment of difficulties; and thus to bring the war to a speedy and beneficent termination, and indissolubly to unite all sections and all interests of the country upon the enduring basis of universal freedom.

DR. CHEEVER delivered a most impressive discourse on Sunday evening last, in which he set forth, with a clearness and emphasis all his own, "God's Method of putting down the Rebellion." He spoke to a crowded audience, who were with difficulty restrained from breaking out into uproarous applause in response to his arguments and appeals. "His word was with power," because it was an echo of the voice of God to this guilty nation. He will preach again on the same subject tomorrow (Sunday) evening. Go and hear him.

CHARLES SUMNER made a noble speech before the Republican Convention at Worcester, on Tuesday, in which he took strong ground in favor of "carrying Africa into the War"—in other words, of putting down the Rebellion by striking at its central cause, slavery. We regret our inability to find room for the speech this week. It shall appear in our next.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair and National Bazaar.

THIS Fair will be held in the city of Philadelphia, in the month of December, 1861. It is the purpose of its managers to conduct it in a manner suited to the exigencies of the present times, diminishing, as far as possible, its expenses, and furnishing it with such articles as command a sale even in seasons of commercial embarrassment. We deem it necessary to remind the friends of the anti-slavery cause in Pennsylvania that an unusual effort will this year be required for the replenishment of our treasury. In seasons of pecuniary embarrassment, resulting from any cause, Anti-Slavery Societies, as all others, must suffer some diminution of their supplies: but the long-tried fidelity and zeal of the Pennsylvania Abolitionists inspires us with confidence in our appeal to them to meet an unusual demand with unusual energy.

Our thirty years' war for freedom *seems* about to culminate in victory. But many a battle has been lost by too much haste in accounting it won. Until its proclamation of liberty to the slaves proves that this nation has discovered, and is willing to acknowledge, the real cause and only true remedy for the Southern rebellion and consequent civil war, the American Abolitionists will continue to hold their solemn responsibility to the slave, and to the country. Until such proclamation shall usher in the jubilee, our work will not be done. But working as we now are, with the end almost in sight, extraordinary effort for its consummation becomes easy.

With this view of our cause, we ask our coadjutors in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware to put their hands once more to the work of conducting our Annual Fair with the energy and wisdom which the exigencies of the hour demand; not doubting that they who, through the long years of our conflict, have stood firm in heart and hope and faith, will wield their weapons faithfully, unto the end.

Sarah Pugh,	Huldah Justice,
Margaret J. Burleigh,	Anna R. Justice,
Anna M. Child,	Sarah Kenderdine,
Ellen M. Child,	Abby Kimber,
Sarah L. Child,	Martha Kimber,
Elizabeth Clendennon,	Lucretia Mott,
Maria Conklin,	Sarah A. McKim,
Agnes Crain,	Emma Parker,
Maria M. Davis,	Sarah H. Peirce,
Margaretta Forten,	Ruth Anna Peirce,
Martha A. Galvin,	Rebecca Plumly,
Lydia Gillingham,	Harriet D. Purvis,
Sarah K. Gillingham,	Mary Shaw,
Mary Grew,	Susan W. Shaw,
Margaret A. Griscom,	Annie Shoemaker,
Sarah C. Hallowell,	Martha Shoemaker,
Rebecca S. Hart,	Mary T. Stickney,
Anna M. Hopper,	Hannah L. Stickney,
Jennette Jackson,	Emily W. Taylor,
Clementina G. John,	Rosanna Thompson,
Gulielma M. Jones,	Lydia White,

Rachel Wilson.

VOICES OF THE PULPIT ON FAST-DAY.

WHILE it is probably true that only a few preachers, comparatively, had the courage, on the day lately set apart for National Fasting and Prayer, to urge upon their hearers the duty of unqualified obedience to God in the immediate emancipation of the slaves by the war power, we gratefully record our belief, that no previous day in the whole history of the country has witnessed so great an amount of earnest anti-slavery preaching as found utterance from the Northern pulpit on that occasion. It does indeed seem passing strange that any man, claiming to be a minister of Christ, could, on such a day, in full view of the history of the present Rebellion and of the finger of Providence pointing directly to God's own description of the Fast that He has chosen, and with the cry of the oppressed ringing in his ears, refuse to lift up his voice like a trumpet against the nation's greatest sin and crime. And yet it is probable that full one half, if not more, of those who on that occasion presented themselves as ambassadors of God to the people, either ignored the subject altogether, or alluded to it only to "daub with untempered mortar." Let us be thankful that a few had grace given them to speak the truth fearlessly, "without concealment or compromise," while a still larger number, if more timid or less enlightened, yet gave proof of an honest hatred of slavery and an earnest desire for its speedy extinction.

In this city, the tone of the preaching, though generally far below what it should have been, showed signs of improvement. Dr. Cheever spoke to a crowded audience—we need not say in what spirit or for what purpose. If all the ministers in the country had been as faithful as he was in exposing the sin of slavery as the root and central power of the Rebellion, and in urging the duty of emancipation as the only way of escape from national judgments, we believe the President would ere now have been constrained, by the power of a righteous public opinion, to issue a proclamation of freedom to every bondman in the rebel States. We understand that Dr. Thompson, of the Tabernacle Church, came out decidedly in favor of abolishing slavery as the means of putting down the rebellion. So also did Mr. Sloane, of the Covenanter Church in Twenty-third street, who is reported as saying:

"The great duty of the nation to-day, was repentance of the sin of oppression. Let the notes of the brazen trumpet of war, which calls the armed hosts to the conflict of death, be mingled with those of the trumpet of jubilee, proclaiming deliverance throughout all the land to all the inhabitants. God in his providence had put it in our power to do this great act of justice. Whatever doubts had existed as to the constitutional concessions to slavery, none could doubt that it was now perfectly constitutional under the war power to abolish slavery as the best, perhaps the only, means of preserving the nation. He was well aware that he had been charged with making slavery a hobby. He had only to say that he confessed before God to-day, his sorrow that he had not been more faithful; he should have preached ten sermons where he had preached one; his little finger should have been thicker than his loins; he had used a whip of cords when it should have been one of scorpions."

Dr. Tyng, of St. George's (Episcopal) Church, is reported as saying:

"No humiliating peace nor preposterous compromises, no temporizing can for a moment be tolerated; but we must press forward, in the name of God and of humanity, to the utter extermination of the cause of the war. In the times of the elder Adams, when we had but half a million of slaves, how easily could we have been rid of human slavery? Twenty-five years ago, in the time of the younger Adams, when we had but two millions of slaves, we shrunk from the responsibilities of liberation. Is it any more readily achieved to-day, when the slaves number four millions? Can the hazard which some age must make be less momentous when the slaves shall have an aggregate of six millions in the census returns? . . . Until the piratical instigators of the rebellion lay down their arms he could see no avenue of compromise, and therefore felt constrained to demand the extinction of the institution at whose hands we are deluged in blood."

Among the preachers who spoke strongly against slavery it affords us pleasure to mention the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, Presbyterian, and the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Methodist. There were doubtless many others, not less faithful, of whose discourses the papers make no mention.

The two elder Unitarian congregations assembled in All Souls' Church, to hear Dr. Bellows, who essayed to show that emancipation was synonymous with revolution, and therefore, dangerous! His own best instincts were for universal freedom, but none but fanatics would seek to make the war a war of emancipation for the slaves! He would have the Union restored, with all its imperfections, and leave slavery to be gradually destroyed by incidental influences! While listening to this discourse, we could not help reflecting that however much Dr. Bellows had done, at the head of the Sanitary Commission, for the physical health of the soldiers, his own moral health had sadly deteriorated in the foul political atmosphere of Washington.

Rev. E. H. Chapin read the 58th chapter of Isaiah, but carefully avoided any mention of slavery in his sermon!

BOSTON, Sept. 27, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE Boston pulpit yesterday spoke out, upon the whole, in a way most honorable for directness and courage and good sense, and most encouraging to all who desire that this war may result in some real and lasting good, and not be a mere murderous quarrel. The papers of this afternoon are filled with reports of the sermons then preached, and the National Fast seems not wholly barren of good fruits. Even in the case of those who, like Dr. Nicholson of St. Paul's, wasted the grand occasion by a wretched farrago about "Spiritualism, Pantheism, and Political Preaching," and by a deliberate attack on the New England pulpit as having been stirring up strife for the past ten or fifteen years, *this* good was done, that the community now thoroughly understands their rottenness, and has marked well what their proclivities and sympathies are. *The Transcript* says of Dr. N., "He omitted all the crimes of the South, and made no mention whatever of slavery. A more one-sided view of the '*South-side*' was never heard in a New England pulpit." Boston may possibly find some excuse for its gambling and drinking saloons, but what has she done to deserve the shame and curse of harboring such a false prophet? If our present experiences and sufferings cannot touch such a man, he is hopeless, in view of all human lessons. Dr. Huntington, too, of whom better things were to be expected, consumed his hour in an empty discussion of technical matters, while he left the whole root and kernel of the matter untouched. Indeed the whole Episcopal pulpit of the city, so far as I am informed, frittered away the day in formality, or worse. All the other denominations seem to have found, more or less, a living voice, and to have taken the direct way to the hearts and consciences of the people. Rev. Mr. Manning preached to a crowded congregation in the Old South Church—seats being brought into the aisles—and he spoke such eloquent and searching words for freedom and justice, that his hearers repeatedly broke out in applause. Dr. Eddy, of the Baptist Church, took very thorough ground for ending slavery by the war; as did also Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who treated the question with great ability and fairness. Rev. Mr. Weiss, at the Hollis Street Church, is said to have preached with extraordinary and intense earnestness, taking ground for extirpating slavery, the evil root of all our national troubles. Rev. Messrs. Miner and Thayer, of the Universalist Church, Rev. Dr. Barrows of the Methodist Church, Rev. A. L. Stone of Park Street and Rev. W. R. Alger of Bulfinch Street Churches, all preached directly of slavery as a leading cause of the war, and of the need of meeting its assaults vigorously and fearlessly. But no one seems to have spoken more decidedly to the point than Rev. Dr. Ellis of our neighboring city, Carlestown. He takes squarely as his subject, "Is Emancipation the Destined End of the War?" and he proceeds by a steady train of logic and fact to demonstrate that *it is;* that Opportunity, Duty and Necessity all alike combine to "make the removal of slavery the issue and crisis of this war." "Let the retributions," he says, "under which we now are suffering, be lifted off us by emancipation—compulsory if it must be so—voluntary and well-remunerated if it may be so." To those who know the position of stiff conservatism, of bitter hostility in times past to the anti-slavery reform, which Dr. Ellis has steadily maintained, this thorough conversion to the Duty and Necessity of Emancipation will be extremely gratifying; nor less encouraging, for Dr. E. is an acknowledged leader in some of the most influential scientific, literary, and religious circles of Massachusetts. I hope you may find room for the report of this sermon, as given in the Boston *Transcript*. Probably other able anti-slavery discourses pronounced here are not yet reported. So the pulpit is coming up, at last, to the duty it should have been the first to declare, and lead the way in. Let us give it credit where credit is due; nor fail to rebuke it, where, either by false issues, or by direct complicity with mischief, it is still corrupting the public mind, and betraying its high trust.

NEW ENGLAND.

We glean from our exchanges as follows:

The Rev, Mr. Bartholomew, Universalist, of Roxbury, Mass.:—"With no wish to divide or disturb the present united feeling of the North, he expressed himself clearly of the opinion that emancipation was the watchword for a speedy and permanent peace, thus fulfilling the language of Scripture, so appropriate to the day,—'Undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free.'"

The Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Universalist, Salem, Mass.:—"He declared slavery to be the real cause of this rebellion, and boldly took the ground that we could have no permanent peace without eradicating the cause of the disease, and effecting the emancipation of the slaves."

The Rev. Mr. Girdwood, Baptist, New Bedford, Mass.:—"We must not disguise it, that slavery is the principal sin of the nation. God says, let my people go; break every yoke; and the next meeting of Congress will have to proclaim liberty to all the inhabitants of the land, or our punishment will increase."

From the discourse of the Rev. Mr. Potter, Unitarian, New Bedford, we give this extract:

"There was one people to whom the nation did not open its doors—save as prison doors; one people to whom it did not redeem its pledge. From all other countries the people came, were received and were free; from Africa alone they were brought and made slaves. But God would make this nation a strong and righteous nation; He would have it perfect; a home for every oppressed race; a brotherhood of all nations; a kingdom for all His children; and that it might become thus strong and perfect, He saw that it must be tested, strengthened, at this one point where it had been weak. And so He said to our fathers of the revolution—'You have established your own freedom, you have made your country free to every people, to every race on the earth—save one. My children from Africa are your bondmen. Does not your declaration of equal rights belong to them also?' At that question the nation faltered. That was the one test remaining to prove its fidelity to the pledge it had made to the world; and to meeting that test it was not equal. There were wise men and prophets who pleaded for the impartial right, but pleaded in vain. The Constitution was formed—the negro's equal rights were compromised away! He was to have no citizenship in the republic he had helped to rear; he could stay in it, but with no rights as a man, save what here and there an individual State or city might deal out to him. He was to be, in half the States, despised, trodden upon, outcast; in the other half, herded with the brutes, and worked as a slave. But still God's benignant Spirit, His justice and His love, did not leave us. Still He kept the question before the people, before the Government: 'What are you to do for the negro? Does not your declaration of equal rights belong to him also?' We tried to silence the question, to say it should not be discussed, to smother it with mobs. It was discussed all the more. Congress dismissed it with compromises from its doors; it came back all the more urgently, brought back always by the power that dismissed it. New prophets were raised up from time to time to proclaim our dangers; we killed them—Lovejoy, Torrey;—stoned them that were sent unto us with messages of warning, and drove them with jeers from town to town. Opportunities were given us to withstand the spread of this iniquity, and to recover in part our fidelity to the national idea. We missed them all. We gave the great territory of Louisiana up to slavery. We laid the foundation of the present rebellion in Missouri, when, in 1820, we made it a slave State. We annexed Texas, and took a slice of Mexico, because slavery demanded more room. It was only individuals, not the nation, that saved Kansas.

"And now, like the voice of Jehovah, the old question is being thundered to us from the cannon's mouth—'Is this nation to be true to the vows of its baptismal hour, and proclaim equal rights to the negro?' And mingled with the thunder and the uproar of battle, we may hear another voice, sad but gentle—'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.'

"Does the voice pronounce our doom, or may it be still a merciful warning?"

In the Unitarian Church in Washington, the Rev W. H. Channing preached a strong anti-slavery sermon, which appears to have been well received. The Rev. Ralph Randolph Gurley, notorious for his long connection with the Colonization scheme, and now pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Washington, was silent in regard to slavery, but in his enumeration of the sins which have provoked God's anger against the nation, he gave a prominent place to the abolition of capital punishment in several Northern States!

MR. WEBB'S LIFE OF JOHN BROWN.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN, who was executed at Charlestown, Virginia, December 2, 1859, for an Armed Attack upon American Slavery; with Notices of some of his Confederates. Edited by RICHARD D. WEBB. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 65 Cornhill, 1861.

THIS long-expected book has reached us, and we have given it a close and careful examination. The want of a new Life of John Brown, differing, in many respects, from any existing one, has been long and widely felt. We think it may be said, without the least hesitation, that this supplies nearly, or quite, everything that can be desired. It is remarkably free from exaggeration and over-statement, and seems to be imbued throughout with the very caution, modesty, and habitual fairness of its subject. As a narrative of his life, and especially of the last years of it, it is clear and well-connected, and the style is perspicuous and forcible. As an exhibition of Captain Brown's character, it is admirable—doing justice to his noble spirit and self-sacrificing purposes and ends. The editor appears to have comprehended fully the real nature of John Brown's great enterprise, its heroic and generous object, its profound and religious motive. It is an eminently *fair* book, seeking to give all the facts, and to enable the reader to form his own judgment upon sure grounds. The readers of THE STANDARD, who have known for many years the high character of Mr. Webb, as a correspondent of this paper and an intelligent and faithful friend of the anti-slavery cause, will rejoice that the preparation of John Brown's Life has fallen into so good hands. At present, we learn that but a few copies of the book have come to this country; but we hope to be able to announce before long that it is here for sale. In some respects, perhaps, a European writer is better fitted to take an impartial view, and give a just account, of John Brown, than an American can be. To the host who admired and honored that truly great and good man (though they might not all approve his method), we cordially commend this book; and as heartily thank our English and Irish friends who have bestowed it upon us.

FELLOW-WORKERS WITH GOD.

A SERMON.

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Preached in New York, on Sunday, September 29, 1861.

My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.—John, v, 17.
We then, as workers together with Him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain.—*2 Corinthians*, vi, 1.

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." That is to say, God has been working from the beginning until now, and never stops working. The Jews had been complaining that Jesus pursued his calling of beneficence on the Sabbath. God works on the Sabbath, was the reply; he takes no rest, but continues his creative activity through all days alike, making all days alike holy by his divine energy and his beautifying love. As a fellow-worker with him, I must do the same. In a word, out of his greater faith in God, Jesus neglected the religious observances of his time, and did things which the pious men of his time reckoned godless and sacrilegious. Out of his greater virtue he outraged the virtuous; out of his deeper truth he shamed what their shallower sense of truth revered.

The Father *worketh*. God is the *Living* God. This was the idea that leaped warm and vigorous from the lips of Jesus, sweeping away at a breath a whole cloud of old world superstitions; and in an instant, for all who received it, renewing the world. God is the Living God; this is the idea that is getting deeper and more entire possession of the minds of men, and is finding heartier and more kindling expression in the spoken and written sentiment of mankind.

I am not one of those—as you know, my friends—who believe that men are losing their faith in God. I believe, on the contrary, that they are gaining it; not *recovering* it, as a thing once possessed, now lost from the mind and almost forgotten, but gaining it anew, as for all but the very few a fresh and original possession. I believe that the faith in God is at this hour more intelligent, more wise, more comprehensive, more universal, more earnest, grand, and uplifting, than it ever was hitherto. I believe this idea of Jesus that God is the never-ceasing, ever-impelling, energy—the unknown, the unknowable, but the most real and the most essential Being—is working itself out in more noble form in these latter times, to the confusion of superstition and ignorance, and to the immense glorifying and uplifting of human life. People aforetime believed in a God who worked occasionally, or semi-occasionally, in the world's affairs; who stole into his house of earth by the private door of miracle, or prowled about now and then in disguise, like some Haraun al Raschid, to see how things were managed, or to execute some little piece of neglected justice. Even yet, we see people who hold to what Mr. Emerson calls "a pistareen providence, which, whenever some good man wants a dinner, makes somebody knock at his door, and leave a half dollar." Indeed, I presume the vulgar faith, now as of old, to be in a Deity who, having but small respect for the dignity of labor, spends the most of his time in celestial ease, with the cherubim for his companions, and leaves the day-labor of the world to be done by his slaves, chief of whom, on this planet, are the unhappy sons of men; a Deity who, when he does condescend to come down to the globe on business, comes in the garb and state of an oriental monarch, with a body-guard of angels, and a vast circumstance of marvel and prodigy, and a blare of pompous trumpets, making the earth to quake, and takes up his quarters at the palace of a King or the mansion of a President. It was a great thought that Jesus spoke out when he said, My Father worketh; worketh hitherto; never lays by his work—never rests—never leaves his work to menials and slaves, but minds his own concern therein. And I had almost said it was a greater thought still that Paul spoke out when he said, "Ye are fellow-workers with God." What a word was that! What privileges it suggests! What worth of man! What dignity of labor! What elevation of human existence! What grandeur as investing the aims, and issues, and endeavors of our mortal life! Yet even this text of Paul pales before the latest interpretations of it, and in its antiquated phrase becomes almost insignificant before that dazzling conception of the Living and Working God, which modern science, and philosophy, and humanity, and faith, present to us; that God, who is immanent and permanent in creation, so intensely active in it that there seems to be no other activity, and it is impossible to touch with the point of a needle the spot in which his energy is not. If modern thinkers assert any one thing with peculiar emphasis, it is the reality and the vitality of the Eternal Cause. So absolutely do they assert it, that all other beliefs—Hebrew beliefs, Gentile beliefs, Christian beliefs, of the old time—seem partial, and fragmentary, and poor—almost the *denial* of belief.

The Father worketh hitherto—so says the Geologist; so says the Astronomer; so says the student of Natural History; so says the Chemist; so says the Historian; so says the investigator of the Social Laws and Harmonies; so says the Explorer in the region of mind and spirit.

But if man is to be a fellow-worker with Him, he must know how, at particular epochs, this Divine working proceeds; what its tendency is at a special time, what its aim, what its animating and impelling motive. Who is to say what the Eternal is doing, and what he would have his followers do? The students of Nature, in all her departments, are getting surely enough on his trail—can tell what he is doing to-day, and can predict what he will do thousands of years hence; but who shall get on his trail in the moral sphere? Amid these tangled paths of duty, on which men jostle and cross each other, who shall say which is the *true* path, where he shall expect to be joined by Duty's Author and Inspirer, and shall find himself walking by the side of the blessed angels? I know no way better than to take the highest definition of Deity, and then find out who they are and how they do who live according to this definition. I open the deepest Scripture and read, "God is Spirit!" I open it again and read, "God is Light!" Again, and it is written, "God is Love!" *Spirit, Light, Love.* These, then, are synonymous terms. God works in the direction of his nature; he works, therefore, in the direction of Light, against darkness, ignorance, prejudice, exclusiveness, narrowness, limitation; he works in the direction of Love, against hatred, injustice, inhumanity, uncharitableness, division between man and man. The question is always coming up, What is duty? and how shall we best perform it? Duty is allegiance to the Divine Order, and he best performs it who keeps himself in the line of the Divine rule. He cannot be wrong whose heart and life are set in the direction of Light and Liberty and Love. God is Spirit—Spirit is God. The spiritual are God's children and servants. Discover what the *spiritual* are thinking, and feeling, and doing, and hoping, at any time, and you are in the current of God's working for the time. To find the true, deep, regenerating spirit of the age, we seek those who let the true deep spirit of the age blow through them. Not the politicians, therefore, who only work together in party bonds for party aggrandizement, and have nothing to do with principles, save to get them safely stored away in their machine-room. Not merchants, who are watching the currents that lead to fortune. Not financiers, who are playing bull and bear at the broker's board. Straws, we say, show which way the wind blows. Yes, they show which way the wind blows from side streets and alleys, round the corners of houses, along the gutters, and among the inequalities of the pavement. But if you would know how the wind blows over the great hills, you must see how it sways the tops of the highest trees, and points the glittering vanes, that light like fiery tongues on the spires of the churches. A single man of pure heart, unselfish and simple, living high above the roar and dust of the street, is a surer index of the drift of the Divine law than hundreds and thousands of men who are in the thick of the world's uproar and exposed to the shifting currents of passion and interest. The gales below may be blowing from every point of the compass, but above breathes the gale which "blows the world into order and orbit"—bloweth where it listeth, but the spiritual hear the sound thereof.

If now we ask the spiritual man in what direction and to what end the Infinite Spirit is working to-day, and is working in our affairs, the reply is clear, prompt, decisive. Take the verdict of those whose life runs on the highest plane—of those who are in the foremost rank of thinkers, believers, feelers; take the verdict of those whose feet stand where the latest ray of light makes them beautiful on the mountains; of those who have devoted themselves to the noblest studies; of those who have been in longest and deepest communion with the spirit of beauty; of those who have in any sphere consecrated themselves to the well-being of their fellow-men; ask the great lights in universal science; ask the genius in creative art; ask the inspired poets and singers; ask the accepted masters in pure literature; ask the moralists, whose doctrines meet the approval of the most earnest and enlightened men; ask the divines who feed the souls of the best people, whose words find their way into the deepest recesses of the common heart; and there is but one answer. They say, one and all, God is working for the illumination, for the emancipation, for the benediction of all men. He is working to unbind the heavy burdens, and let the bound in every form go free; He is working to evolve the principle of liberty to its fullest extent; He is working out the logical results of the new faith in the capacities of human nature. It is one of the most striking things that the highest stamp of men over the world, the finest grained men, the most elevated and spiritual men, are anti-slavery men through and through. They are full of trust in the Providence that is inaugurating a new era in the history of human freedom; full of faith that the time has come now for pushing the American principle out to its inevitable and beautiful conclusion. They do not look for a millennium by any means; but they do hope, one and all, for the extension of the American doctrine over all American soil. They are full of confidence that the laws of justice, and honor, and truth, will completely justify themselves, if fairly and thoroughly tried; that the right way in the affairs of this world will be found coincident with the safe way. And these, I repeat, are the men who know what the will and working of the Father is, for they are in his spirit.

A prominent English nobleman said lately, that if the Federal government would accept the issue offered by the Southron, and make the war it is engaged in a war between Freedom and Slavery, it would be hard to restrain England from throwing herself into the struggle.

There is a doctrine of some popularity with a somewhat low order of mind, that man is, after all, his own providence, his own deity, his own fate; that God incarnates himself and comes to life, as it were, in the human will; that it is found impossible to know what the working of the Infinite Spirit is; that all one can do is to push and grope his way along in the dark from step to step, letting the practical utility of each step justify itself. The favorite saying is, "God helps those who help themselves." But does nothing depend on the way in which they help themselves? Does nothing depend on the spirit in which they help themselves? Have men never failed and fallen through, and been flung away, who labored with might and main to help themselves, whose wills were gigantic, whose efforts were the efforts of Titans, who left nothing unthought of or undone to compass their ends, but just the one thing that might have given them all they wanted, namely, a reference to the Eternal Will, which was manifest enough if they had only looked for it in the right place, and a sympathy with that guiding and animating Spirit which breathes continually through the souls of the noble, the simple, and the good? The human will is a tremendous engine of power, but it is an engine that cannot work itself. We never feel that the human will is truly mighty and great, till, like some ponderous bar of steel, it is put in the line of the magnetic currents, and charged with the electric force that slumbers in every particle of matter, and keeps vital the pulses of the world.

"Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours to make them Thine,"

is one of the deepest and truest of

American liberty. The invisible Lord has been steadily pressing our people toward the point of emancipation. Every public man stands before this ebony image of the Christ as before his judge. And if he refuses to entertain his claims as the providential question of the day, the Sphynx question which must be rightly answered on peril of life, a shadow, as of divine displeasure, comes down upon him, the glory seems to depart from him, and he withers away. He is invited to become a coworker with the Father; if he declines, the invitation is calmly extended to another, and he drops behind and virtually deceases. There are workers enough; if not to-day, then to-morrow; if not to-morrow, the day after. The Spirit has the ages before it; it can bide its time; it can wait better than we can.

Every man knows in his own heart whether or not he is working together with the ever working Father, in the cause which hallows his day and generation. The testimony of the private conscience is witness enough; but if that should falter, there is the sense of a loosened relation with the noblest people, a feeling of alienation from the purest and most self-sacrificing spirits, which is an infallible sign that the trail of the Eternal has been lost. There are people living whose moral approval I value as I value my soul—a sense of moral distance and separation from them would be to me a sure sign of my own degeneracy. They are loadstones to me; they are my North star. As the mariner watches the needle, so do I watch the pointing of my purposes in regard to them. Any one may have this feeling towards some person or some class of persons. And it is an earnest of that holier feeling which is nothing else than communion with the living God.

Æronauts tell us of a strong current of wind, that, at a certain elevation above the earth, blows steadily towards the East—the great trade wind of the upper ocean. Below that, the silken vessel beats about at the mercy of the gusts. It may be whirled far out to sea; it may be driven into the flaming heart of a thunder-cloud; it may be dragged helplessly through the rending boughs of a forest; but once let it strike that etherial current, it floats swiftly and steadily on, over oceans and islands, to the most distant shores. Thus safe and serene and strong is the man who has put himself on a line with the working spirit of his age and country. He need not be a great man, an intellectual man, a brilliant man. The bare fact that he is in the way of the highest duty to which his age calls him; the bare fact that his sails are spread to the gales of the Eternal Spirit will be more to him than greatness, or intellect, or brilliancy; will do more for him than any gifts of person or speech; will carry him where no popular breath of applause could ever bear him. He is above the gusty gales of passion; the clouds and the lightnings are beneath him. Simply to be a fellow-worker with the Great Spirit in his dearest purposes is to be great and powerful, and rich and happy. The simplest things such a man says are oracular, and sound like new revelations of truth; he uses familiar words, but he crowds them so with moral conviction that they seem charged with meanings unsuspected before. When Dr. Channing said, "The Dignity of Human Nature," the old words seemed to grow to the size of his thought; they were a foot long; they swelled on the ear like ocean waves, and reverberated in the chambers of the soul, and startled the spirit with hopes and longings and solemnities, that an unspiritual man could not have excited by all the labored rhetoric he could command. The man who speaks out of this deep sincerity and earnestness stereotypes his language on the minds of his hearers; the words linger and dwell on the ear, and repeat themselves in multiplying echoes; and when at length they die away and are forgotten, the soul's truth goes working on in the silent chambers of the character. One may be very simple in his wordly wisdom, very short-sighted in his worldly sagacity, very much addicted to errors in judgment, but if he is a fellow-worker with God on the plane of justice and humanity, all these are forgotten, and the noble sincerity of the man tells against all odds of genius and of fortune.

There is a vast amount of working done now in this America of ours. There is working in the Cabinet, and working in the field, and working in the camp; working of generals and statesmen, and alas! of politicians. Able men run up and down, talking and writing; the telegraph wires tremble under the weight of dispatches. But God works above and behind all these, and the most essential work remains to be performed by us who are not drilling in camps or toiling in Cabinets, or drudging at Sanitary Commissions. The great work is to create and keep alive a *public opinion* that shall direct all this machinery of government to the Divine end of emancipation; that all this toil, and sacrifice, and bloodshed may not be utterly wasted, but may secure the establishment of a noble and large and beautiful liberty to all the inhabitants of the land. One trembles to think how much is to be done in the way of forming that humane public opinion, whose power over the civilized world now, but especially in America, is the very power of the Holy Ghost, sustaining all things by its inspiring breath, and moving all things by its impalpable agency. I cannot conceal from you my fear that just at this moment this public opinion is losing its fine afflatus; the splendid moral enthusiasm is on the wane; we are thinking it better to work for policies, with one another, than to work for humanity with God. The anti-slavery feeling, which seemed to be kindling so gloriously and so fast, has received a check. When Fremont published his proclamation, an electric thrill of joy ran through our communities, like a spark of fire among stubble. We felt as if we had struck the great trade-wind that would bear us triumphantly over Pacific seas; we felt as if we were at last on the track of those universal laws whose beautiful necessity rules the world. We felt that while the government was working, as it needs must work, under the Constitution, the people were ready to work under the inspiration of their own ideas. Old-fashioned, conservative people felt their souls tingle and glow with an enthusiasm they could not define. But now the fire pales. We are told now that we must say nothing about emancipation; that the war has nothing to do with the gigantic evil that caused it; that they are flying in the face of Providence who raise the moral issue, even where the very exigency of the conflict throws it up to the surface. It has been my private misfortune to hear clergymen speak in disparagement of the "doubtful inspirations of humanity"—make slighting mention of the wisdom of "mere moralists and pietists," and set down as mistaken and valueless "the impulses of sentimental enthusiasm." We hear very able and and logical and persuasive arguments in defense of the lowest working policy; but it is a sufficient answer to the arguments that they do not kindle, that no moral afflatus goes with them, that they find favor with the earthly-minded and the low-toned—that they give unrest and sadness to all the earnest, the devoted and the religious. This is evidence enough that they are not in the line of operation which the best spirit of the age is producing; and if they are not, they are not in the line of operation which every true Christian man prays he may be found coincident with. We need not find fault with the government. They who conduct the affairs of the government are only engineers, stokers and brakemen, whose business is to mind the pistons and cranks of the machine. It is not expected of them that they will lay down and administer the road; they must drive the engine, and it is with peril that they lift their eyes from the routine of duty before them to take a wide survey of the country about them. All the more is it expected of *us* that we shall keep our eye on the sun at noonday, and on the eternal stars at night, and shall be open to the largest inspirations of the hour. The Administration may be pardoned for being politic, it cannot be anything else. Affairs must be administered by politicians, not by prophets; and a politician is no more expected to make acquaintance with eternal principles than a coasting skipper is expected to make himself acquainted with the oceanic currents; but there is no forgiveness for the people if they are not filled full of the American idea of progress in Light and Liberty and Love, so that as the time wears on and the critical hour approaches, the working of the Eternal may vindicate itself. It is possible that this war may be fought and finished under the letter of the Constitution, with full regard for the sanctity of all its guarantees, without undermining or weakening the Southern institutions, or wronging anything save the Northern conscience. If it is, it must, sooner or later, be fought over again. For the conflict is not between those who hold that a State has a right to secede from the Union and those who hold it has not: it is a conflict between the new world and the old; between the principle of progress and the principle of inertia and retrogression; between the dignity of human life and labor and the degradation of human life and labor; between faith in human nature and fear of human nature—all concentrated in a war against the institution of slavery. If the government cannot touch this institution because it is sheltered under the Constitution; if it will not accept the opportunity for striking it which military exigency offers; if it insists on protecting it in every loyal State—and even South Carolina will prove herself full of loyalty when she is beaten—then this present war will be only a border skirmish in the grand battle that is to be fought. The skirmish may be gallantly fought and fairly won for us, but it will do little towards deciding the great campaign. Even the wheels of civilization will be for the time blocked. Fortunately, the best spirit of the age is larger than the Constitution and cannot work in such a Union as we have had hitherto. For the sake of justice, for humanity's sake, for pity's sake, let us keep ourselves in full, earnest communion with the largest, purest, hopefullest sentiments of the time. It is all we can do; it is all anybody can do; and it is enough. Whoever does so much may be sure that every particle of power in him will be used with the utmost efficiency and to the noblest ends. And they who grieve because they have *no* power at all, because they are of the number of the small and insignificant, will at least have the satisfaction of feeling that they are good conductors of power. If they are not telegraphic operators, or batteries, they are at all events sound particles in the composition of the telegraphic wire. Let us never feel or say, what I have heard men say, that very reluctantly they have been brought to see the wisdom of a policy which is against their deepest instincts; for those deepest instincts show how the Father would have us work. It is *His* working in and through these deepest instincts that tells at last. Emerson says, "I look on those sentiments which make the glory of the human being as being the intimacy of Divinity in the atoms." There is the encouragement for us little ones, when the great ones fall back on their worldly wisdom. When a little candle is lighted in a room, the rise of temperature it causes produces a chemical change in the whole atmosphere of the chamber; a column of hot gasses is generated, which rises to the ceiling; currents are established in the surrounding air; the gases, according to their affinities, combine; every substance, every body expands under the action of the heat of this little taper; every surface takes on a modification of its color. Each of these changes leads to other changes, too subtle to be traced, but very palpable in the constitution of the material world around. The smallest rush light, it is estimated, fills a mile in circumference with its rays. It is what we *are* that does the work for us and for the world. God lives and works in our qualities of being. And if we are but little candles, set on a candle stick, we shall add something to the glory of that Sun of Righteousness which illumines the heavens. If we are but little breathings of hope and sentiment, if the perfume we exhale is the aroma of our faith and humility and love, it will be taken up by that strong wind of Eternal Will that "blows forever through the universe of souls in the direction of the Right and the Necessary," and will be wafted from our little sheltered garden far over the land and out to sea, to sweeten the atmosphere on which our fellow-creatures live.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....LVII.

SEPTEMBER 9th, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: Events and men's comments on them march so fast that one must select one's topics, and treat them briefly. I am bound, however, to refer, in the first place, to your candid and kindly reply to my letter on the state of English feeling towards America. Nothing can be better than the spirit of that reply; and, in consideration of it, I am disposed to pass over the failure of some points to meet the case, as it stands. There is but one point which I feel called upon to notice; and that is, that you speak of Mr. Clay and Mr. Burlingame as individuals on their travels, whereas their speeches derive all their importance from their being the accredited representatives of your nation. The speeches of other Americans at the Louvre Hotel banquet produced no effect, because they represented only themselves; but the words of ambassadors are, as I need not observe, the utterance of the government and people at home. You feel confident that these gentlemen have received a rebuke from Washington; but we do not hear that they have been recalled. I believe it is a thing unheard of in international history that an ambassador should have so misrepresented his government as to incur a rebuke, and should retain his appointment. Under such a disgrace, he is no fit representative of his nation; and he certainly can have no chance of fulfilling his mission at a foreign Court. Next to the prime requisite of integrity, the qualities essential in an ambassador are a reasonable and dispassionate temper, with the good manners which attend such a temper, and a competent knowledge of political history and international ethics. The two gentlemen in question have given every evidence of their not having these qualifications; and their mode of representing their nation and government has certainly been most unfortunate. We are glad to see that Mr. Motley is to fill the post at Vienna—so important as that post is just now.

I must say a word—not for my own sake, but for that of the Cause—on your concluding notice of my letters on the Tariff. It is not true that I think a Protectionist policy worse than slavery. Nothing that I have said justifies such a charge; and my course with regard to the anti-slavery cause in America for a quarter of a century is a sufficient reply to it. In a cool moment, I have no doubt you are aware that nobody does think a vicious commercial policy worse than slavery—unless it be that small and pitiable fraction of society which thinks slavery a good.

I see, in the New York *Tribune*, that the tariffs of Europe are undergoing a thorough examination for Congressional information. This is excellent, provided the facts are not only fairly ascertained, but fairly introduced. The reason of my proviso is that *The Tribune* remarks that the French and German tariffs are protective of native industry, like the American. It seems odd to spend time and pains in proving what everybody knows and nobody disputes. The French are getting out of a prohibitive system, through a more and more relaxed protective one. French and German monopolists, with their hereditary notions and claims, must have time to come round to free trade, as the English landowner and manufacturer had; and during the interval they retain some protection, though less and less with every change. The Anglo-French commercial treaty includes plenty of protective duties on the French side; but the relaxation is as great as the Emperor's government dared attempt. We hear so much of the astonishment of the French manufacturers at finding themselves not ruined, but their trade improved by the relaxations, that there is every reason to anticipate further progress. Meantime, if the French and American duties were precisely the same (which, of course, they are not), there would remain the essential distinction between the cases that one is an old nation rising out of a policy which has become vicious, and the other a young nation sinking into it. All which, it is to be hoped, your members of Congress will bear in mind in entering upon the consideration of a matter of such vital concern to their constituents.

Of Mr. Phillips's speech on the 1st of August, perhaps the less said the better. His friends here have read it with strong regret, for his own sake. Any suspicions of anti-slavery England uttered on the 1st of August need no reply; and the spirit of the speech—the mood of distrust and intolerance—is its own punishment.

There is, however, one point, in that and almost every other recent notice of England, which seems to require a word of explanation. A distinction is made which does not hold good between the Administration and people of England. If I remember right, you are liable to the infliction of an unpopular Administration for an entire Presidential term, if you should happen to have a very self-willed President. It is not so with us. No Ministry can hold office, when out of harmony with the nation, beyond the next meeting of Parliament. In the particular case, it so happens that the Ministry has been long kept in power by the hearty sympathy of the nation with its foreign policy. Owing to the disintegration of parties, the Ministry is too weak to hold its place (and has been for two years past) but for the enthusiasm with which its foreign policy is regarded. The sympathy is all but unanimous; and Lord Russell really is, and has been, the spokesman of the whole people, in what he has said about America, as about Italy and Poland. I am glad to see the method adopted—the only method—by which a mutual understanding can be arrived at; explanations that, on the American part, no purpose to abolish slavery has been announced, while, on the English part, sympathy waits for that announcement. Your paper of August 24th has just come in; and your commentary on Mrs. Stowe's letter to Lord Shaftesbury expresses so exactly what appears to us to be the state of the case that no interpreter is needed between you and us.

I think you Abolitionists are fairly entitled to consider yourselves exempt from the judgments of the world in regard to American character, as it appears in this great revolution. I know that here you are not included in any reflections that have been passed on recent American conduct, any more than you were involved in the world's condemnation of the Fugitive Slave law, or any other bad legislation of the sort. This follows, of course, from the steady and intrepid testimony you have borne throughout your whole existence as a Society against the sins and evils which have compromised the national character in the estimation of other peoples; and it is equally a matter of course that you are now regarded as the salt of your earth—the one chance of its escaping from the decay of corruption; as the ten righteous who will save the city, if it is to be saved. It is because you are not implicated in the blindness, weakness and laxity which have rendered the present struggle necessary, that your friends can speak to you, so openly as they do, on the sins and perils of the Republic. As long as you do not identify yourselves with the faulty Northern people, nobody will think it more difficult to speak to you of the aspect of affairs than to discuss with you the state of the South. The sins and shortcomings of the North are exactly what you have been contending against for thirty years; and you must surely be able to read the consequences with the same clearness as any disinterested foreign people. You will, therefore, easily understand the effect of the contemplation which is forced upon Europeans at present, of the contrasts of character between the struggling peoples of Europe and of America. Never was a lesson of retribution more clearly brought home to every discerning mind and open heart. The Italians, the Hungarians, and the Poles have never, for one moment, acquiesced in the loss of any liberty, or the encroachment of any despotism. For long and bitter years they have resisted and suffered, instead of accepting good things as the price of their freedom. While helpless, they were never hopeless, or, if ever hopeless, they carried on their resistance not the less for their despair. What is the issue? Look at the Italians! They seem to be not only all heroes, and all devoted citizens, but all statesmen. Nothing was ever seen like the intellectual and moral nobleness of the mass of citizens, unless in the Hungarians, with whom the Poles are not unworthy to be cited. Under repression, the growth of these nations has gone on, till, strengthened and exercised by a long course of holy resistance, they come out at last, free, or sure of being soon free, and hailed by the admiration and homage of the world. In the opposite case we find the opposite result. The people of the free States of America have not cherished and preserved their liberties, though the power was actually in their own hands. They have been supine, timid, worldly, and, in a Republican sense, corrupt, throughout a period which should have secured forever the liberties of both the white and black races; and now they are meeting their retribution. Not only have they to suffer the bitter miseries of civil war, but they have to meet it with deteriorated powers. Their character has lost depth and strength in proportion to their indulgence in wrong. They seem to have no statesman among them, nor any man qualified to lead in any way. The people are vociferous, passionate, vain and weak—strangely solicitious for the world's patronage, which no Italian or Hungarian ever asked for. The prospect in Italy and Hungary has always been clear across a certain interval of uncertainty; while the American prospect is in every way obscure and doubtful. A people who have surrendered so many liberties, and who have not yet pronounced openly, directly and decisively against slavery, cannot be relied upon to regenerate their Republic even when the war is over; and the last news, of the mobbing of the press, and the strange discussions on the liberty of the press (which some even call a superstition!), certainly justify the gravest doubts whether the Republic is not gone forever—whether it is to be succeeded by military or mob despotism. It is true, great men have arisen in the emergencies of States, and a great man, or a group of men adequate to the occasion may appear; but at present, the shallowness and undisciplined passion of society generally is very striking, in contrast with the concentrated force of the Hungarians and Italians, their paucity of words and plenitude of deeds. The Abolitionists are unquestionably the privileged order in the Republic now. What is happening is the mere fulfilment of what they always foresaw and did their best to preclude, and they can, therefore, keep their heads when others become bewildered. They will assert, no doubt, the full right of speech in a republic made up of equal citizenship, and will be above the fear and intolerance which cannot endure that every man should say what he thinks. They will keep the aim of emancipation of the negro before the general mind, as they have always done, and never rest till it is avowed as a national aim and purpose. They will be patient with a people who have to work their way upwards from a low depth of political subservience and corruption, and will encourage by their sympathy the return of penitents, and the aspirations of newly-kindled patriotic fires. It is an enviable position; and no honorable post was ever more richly deserved.

As to the probable issue of the struggle with the South, it seems to us very dark. I see no reason to think better of the case of the South than six months ago! I do not see how the Confederates can hold out. Yet, the case of the North seems no clearer. If the South would abolish slavery, it would still seem impossible to come into any combination with the North, so fierce is the mutual hatred; and any sort of subjugation of the South is more out of the question still. And if that question were settled to-morrow, there remains the difficult problem of regenerating the republic, alike in North and South. Any way, it is very dark. But there is always the consolation, and the ground of hope, that there has been, throughout, a body of men and women faithful to their duty; and that the state of things, sad as it is, is immeasurably less sad than it was a year ago. Complicity with, and subservience to, tyrants is over; and such a step as that authorizes us to hope for the best. We must remember, too, that the greatest blessings arise when least looked for; and a shining path may yet appear in the midst of the gloom.

H. M.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE MEETING.—The Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society are making arrangements to hold, as usual, their Annual State Meeting. Where, and precisely when the meeting will be held, are points which have not yet been fully settled; but it will probably commence on Thursday, October 24. Mr. Garrison, we understand, has received and accepted an invitation to be present. We congratulate our Pennsylvania friends on their prospect of having so important an accessary to the interest and usefulness of their gathering. Though a non-resistant, Mr. Garrison fully justifies the government in its present war with the seceding States. No writer of the day has exposed with more effectiveness than he the sophistries of the secessionists and the wickedness and utter groundlessness of their rebellion. Representing and speaking the sentiments of the Abolitionists, as Mr. Garrison more than any other man does, he will be listened to with interest not only by the especial friends of the cause, but by people of all parties.

SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.—Orestes A. Brownson, LL.D., long an inveterate opponent of the Abolitionists, is out in the current number of his *Quarterly Review* in favor of the abolition of slavery by the war power. We shall publish his argument next week. Is not the world moving?

GERRIT SMITH spent a portion of the last week in this city. He is in excellent health and spirits, and full of hope that the triumph of the anti-slavery cause is nigh at hand. Read the extract from one of his latest discourses on the first page.

NOTICE.—Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio, is an Agent for THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD; and is fully authorized to receive new subscriptions to the same, as well as payments on old accounts. Mrs. Brown's address is 288 Superior street.

REV. D. M. GRAHAM, for nearly twelve years pastor of the Freewill Baptist Church of this city (Twenty-eighth street), has resigned that charge, and accepted the pastorate of Casco Street Church, Portland, Maine. His successor is the Rev. James L. Phillips. Mr. Graham is an Abolitionist, and therefore we regret his departure from New York, where his influence has been constantly exerted in behalf of the cause.

Our Boston Correspondence.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE SUMMARY.—The End of the World—Daniel upon the crisis—Pyromania, past and present—The advertising column, whether more valuable than the leader—Dr. Humphreys well endorsed, and by whom—Recent books upon education—John Milton and M. Marcel quoted—A plea for small Latin and less Greek—The National Fast—Jefferson *versus* Nicholson on the cause of our calamity—Who is blinder than Old Gobbo—The sermon of Dr. Ellis, why noticeable above others—What New York magazine has declared for the Union—Inoculating our old stock.

BOSTON, Sept. 30, 1861.

I REALLY *did* think that, if a man wanted his religion of a mild and emulsive character, St. Paul's Episcopal Church in this city was just the place to get it. Contemplating the nice row of private coaches drawn up before its portals every Sunday, I never suspected that the "latter ends" of their proprietors could be unpleasantly obtruded within those sacred walls. Yet within this comfortable retreat of piety has the Rev. Mr. Baxter just concluded a course of lectures to show that the End of the World may be confidently expected during the decade upon which we have entered. For the last ten centuries men have never fallen upon panic or disaster without dragging the prophet Daniel into the difficulty. Whenever the time is out of joint, he is brought forward as the man born to set it right, and we are again urged to try his well-worn recipe of *auto da fe for the million*. If you presume to question the exegesis of the prophet's verses, you are easily finished by supplementary evidence manufactured from the trumpets, beasts, seals, and vials of the Apocalypse—these may be added, subtracted, multiplied, and in short, generally shaken together, till they clearly prove whatever is desired. One would think there was enough just now to satisfy the most morbid appetite for excitement, enough of Christ's work to absorb the entire energies of all believers, without getting these dingy ecclesiastical properties to scatter the wits of nervous women and weak men. Ah, Mr. Baxter, to you and me and the rest of living flesh the end of the world *will* come in a few years, as certainly as if Daniel had stopped at his eleventh chapter; consider if your way is the best to put it in presentable condition!

Here is pleasant proof that the latter-day temperament will be less prominent in another generation. Run your eye down this advertising column in our stalwart little *Transcript*, of which the leaders are lately as genuine and instructive as the advertisements—this being high praise for any journal. Here hang the bated hooks of the schoolmasters: see in what sober earnest this new creed of the body has been accepted. Mr. Francis S. Williams divides his plan of instruction into four parts, of which one is *exclusively devoted to physical exercises*. The Rev. George Gannett, proprietor of a Young Ladies' Seminary in Pemberton Square—not content with assaulting the parental pocket with such good knock-down names as Gengembre and Torricelli, professors of French and Italian; Wilner and Kreissmain, of German, and vocal music; Miss Butterworth, of mathematics, and others quite as irresistible—takes pains to inform us that the Hygenic and Physical Exercise Department will be confided to the charge of Dio Lewis, M.D. Dr. Humphreys, who has a school at the South End, and who refers to five Episcopal clergymen, as well as to the Marquis Lousada, in evidence of his moral fitness to undertake the guidance of youth—Dr. Humphreys, I say, tells us that military drill forms part of his exercises, and that the school keeps but four hours in the day, with brief intervals for physical performances at close of each hour. A very sensible programme, so it seems to me. Mr. Tower advertises his "location" as "unequalled for safe and healthy exercise in the open air"; and if we go out of town, here is the Rev. Mr. Spear, who proclaims himself principal of the Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute, and, before coming to the "intellectual" and "ornamental branches," urges his "superior facilities for physical training." All this is as it should be, and shows that Dr. Lewis has fought not as one who beateth the air—that is, of course, to the spiritual and transcendental vision, for to the external senses his platform performances precisely answer the Apostle's description.

This "physical department," however, is but one manifestation of a free spirit of educational criticism which has been rife among us. Within the last year or two, several noticeable publications have called attention to methods of teaching and analogous subjects. Those I at present recall are Froebel's Kinder Garten for young children, a treatise of great merit by Herbert Spencer, two occasional discourses by President Hill, some addresses to young men by Mr. W. P. Atkinson, Mr. Alcott's interesting report of the Concord schools, and very recently a volume called Object Lessons, by Professor Calkins of New York. Excepting, perhaps, the Kinder Garten, these volumes are not original in the main ideas on which they are based, but are admirably useful and effective in popularizing what thinking men have recorded for more than a century.

The folly of that thoughtless conformity which crams a child with words representing no ideas, instead of giving him ideas to find themselves words, was seen before our great-grandfathers were tormented in vain. Milton's letter to Master Hartlib anticipates much of the best thought of to-day. Scholar as the poet was, he estimates established routines at their true worth, and assails that "scholastic grossness of barbarous ages" from which we have not yet escaped. "We do amiss," he says, "to spend seven or eight years in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might otherwise be learned easily and delightfully in one year." He sketches with master hand "the fruits of misspending our prime youth at schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned." And, finally, he points out "the right path of a virtuous and noble education, *laborious indeed at the first ascent*, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming." The clause I have italicised is perhaps one which the best authorities of the present day would be inclined to modify. Laborious *always*, they would write it, but always capable of enriching with direct satisfactions, the same in kind with those which rewarded Newton or Humbolt. In short, the ideal system of education, to which we can only approximate through many coming centuries, must present to a child the precise step in knowledge that he waits for, and upon which he is able to raise himself, with that glow of pleasurable activity which God gives exertion directed to a comprehensible end. One of the hardest superstitions to eradicate will be the over-estimated importance of that nine-year nauseating with words and phrases, falsely called a classical education. Of course, a few youths whose tastes and opportunities lead them to select accomplished scholarship as a profession should, at the proper time, study the Latin and Greek languages; and such as these will study them to some purpose. But it is most seriously questioned whether lawyers, farmers, doctors, mechanics—men who carry forward the real business of the world—cannot better spend their youth than in parroting (under compulsion, or unhealthily stimulated by prizes) an unintelligent smattering of the dead languages. Gibbon, Condillac, Talleyrand, and other notables, anticipate Mr. Spencer in showing that, as all intellectual progress is of necessity from the concrete to the abstract, this dosing a child with grammar, one of the highest abstract subjects, is directly damaging, and infinitely absurb. In the language of Marcel, one of the best modern writers on this subject, "grammar is not the stepping-stone, but the finishing instrument by which we improve and perfect the practical knowledge of a language we already know. All respect for the ancient languages, when studied understandingly, to crown and finish a practical education. He who would be perfectly secure of his English must feel its anchorage upon a Latin bottom. But more respect for all-essential instruction in the science of society and the conduct of life. There are sequences of facts, every one of which, presented in natural order, imparts immediate interest and instruction, and these facts direct our most important actions in politics and morals. We are gradually eliminating certain very marked errors; but we shall need a longer time than Mr. Baxter is willing to allow us thoroughly to change the system from which they came.

I leave a theme upon which there is great temptation to enlarge, to give a concluding paragraph to the ghostly instructions received in this city on the occasion of the late National Fast. When we give up the pulpit as originating power, which most thinking men are at some time obliged to do, we often fail to see the interest and importance which attach to it as a register of progress. By appointing Fast and Thanksgiving days, government heaves the log of the national ship, which, swimming and bobbing far astern, gives the rate of speed at which we are moving. Or, we may say (if you think a *physical* simile would be more in fashion) that the parish stretches its lungs to blow into a moral spirometer, and the minister is the index hand which marks the precise force of the puff. Thank Heaven for the exceptions—Beecher, Cheever, Tyng, Manning, and the rest—these are the seeds of a future Church worthy of what we hope shall be our future Union! You remember the words of Jefferson, "*If there be a righteous God in heaven, a terrible retribution awaits this people*, BECAUSE OF THE SIN OF SLAVERY." Well, a terrible retribution has come, a Fast is proclaimed for confession and repentance, and Dr. Nicholson succeeds Mr. Baxter at St. Paul's Church, to tell us he can find no spots in our national life, save pantheism, spiritualism, and political preaching! Truly, if the fulfilment of Daniel's prophecies could be limited to the walls where they have lately been interpreted, his scriptures would seem less doubtful to the common mind. The Rector of the Church of the Messiah goes even deeper into the matter, and finds the fact "that the office of chaplain in legislative bodies is, in many instances, tolerated rather than sustained"—strongly suggestive of the source of our difficulties. He is also very certain that the sin of "Sabbath-breaking" has had a great deal to do with it. You would probably agree with him in this respect; for I have observed you lose no opportunity of admonishing the worst kind of Sabbath-breakers, to wit, those who, proclaiming themselves guides and moral teachers, sustain an atrocity which leading divines have pronounced "the sum of all villanies," and "a standing denial of God." Lancelot thought his parent worse than "sand blind," and so invented the term "high-gravel blind," to express the obscurity in which he groped. Must we not go as far as *paving-stones* to get any compound that may adequately set forth the sightless state of such "true-begotten fathers"?

But I am happy to say that most of our clergy seemed to have an idea of the sin that called for repentance, and a tolerably clear appreciation of the sole means of grace offered to keep us one people. The most striking expression of the present sentiments of cultivated conservatism is found in the sermon of Dr. Ellis of Charlestown. This gentleman holds rank with Dr. Walker and Dr. Peabody, as an able and entirely *safe* preacher. He has been talked of for President of Harvard College, whenever the office has lately been vacant, and is frequently pronounced "just the man" to comfort the long bereavement of the King's Chapel. You may perceive from this that his opinions on most subjects since the Deluge have been held to be of a comfortable and nutritious character. His text was, "The axe laid unto the root of the tree," and its suggestions were forcibly carried out by showing that the removal of slavery was the issue and crisis of the war. I think this fact matches in significance the recent coming out of *The Knickerbocker* with you. The leading *American* magazine in New York, both editorially and by contribution, stands on the ground of the present Abolitionists. Truly in both cities we have good stock for grafting.

* * X.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29, 1861.

THE Fremont affair, or difficulty, or imbroglio—what shall we call it?—assumes a different shape at the present hour from the one it wore a week ago. Now the proclamation question is entirely hid from view. Nobody speaks of that, the Administration totally ignores it. The Cabinet members say that if General Fremont should be removed, or dismissed the service, the proclamation will have nothing to do with the act. Now this may be so, but it is not strange that anti-slavery men have their suspicions in the matter. Not one word was uttered against Fremont till after the proclamation was issued.

It must, however, be admitted, that some of the facts of the campaign in Missouri warrant the suspicion that Fremont is not a great General. Let this fact be admitted—and what then? Gen. Scott lost Bull Run. Is *he* a great General? McDowell did the same, for he acted under the orders of Scott. And what has McClellan done? As yet—nothing. He is on trial. We shall see by and bye what he will do. Fremont has taken the field and is on *his* trial. Up to the present time we know little of the history of the Missouri campaign. We *do* know that just as he had got ten Indiana regiments within his grasp, the Secretary of War ordered them nearly 2,000 miles down to Washington to defend the National Capital, and this when Missouri was in the agonies of civil war. Still later, six "crack" Illinois regiments were ordered here for the same purpose. Now what can an Administration that has been guilty of these acts say in accusation of Fremont?

A Cabinet member was complaining the other day of Fremont, to Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin—the Potter of Pryor renown. Said the Cabinet member: "What has Fremont been about? He has been fitting out troops and moving troops for the last three weeks—but why has he not been fighting?" "Let me ask *you* a question," said the blunt Wisconsin man. "What have *you* been doing in this vicinity? You were fitting out and massing troops all the early summer, and fought the glorious Bull Run battle. Since then you have been moving troops, and moving troops. You even drew away from Fremont's scanty army some of his best regiments. Now please tell me what you have done!" The Cabinet officer could not reply a word—not a single word. The simple fact is, that the inability of a great army here to do anything on the offensive, to even keep the Potomac clear of batteries, should teach us charity towards Fremont. Give him a chance. Let him see what he can do, and if he fails, and he cannot make it appear that his failure was owing to the shortcomings and the interference of the government, let him fall. These are not times for respect of persons. We only want good soldiers in the field now. Garrison is a great deal better than Butler in the editor's office, and as a teacher of the people—but Butler is probably the best man for the Carolina coast a few weeks hence. Garrison may lay down the principles of the campaign, and execute them. It does not follow, because Fremont was right in his proclamation, that he is an able general. But let him have a fair trial. Some of the journals fairly howl for his immediate dismissal. One would think from their bluster that the entire campaign had been lined with victories outside of Missouri. Pray, what has been done in the vicinity of Washington? Why, the President and his Cabinet go to bed every night in the fear that Jeff. Davis will yet march his ragged army into this town! For one, I must confess that, so far, these Southern boasters have made good their word. They said one Southerner was equal to four Northerners. Is it not so? Is it not a fact that five millions of Southern people have won more victories than twenty millions of Northern people? Deny it who can. The fact is disgraceful—but is it not a fact? Something is the matter—what is it? Is it not the disheartening fear on the part of the people that if things are put back where they were before, that the Slave Power will again drag us into difficulties and disgrace—that the war will settle nothing? If this is not the reason, if it can only be accounted for by attributing indifference and cowardice to the Northern people, then, indeed, a terrible future is before them—for a cowardly people is sure to be the prey of a brave and military nation. If the people of the free States will not fight now, let them prepare to become the dutiful subjects of the Slave Power. Five or six hundred thousand men—good, brave, loyal troops—would soon give the Slave Power such a lesson as it could not easily forget; but half that number may have a hard and discouraging campaign.

The Confederate Generals seem to have succeeded in closing the Potomac to ordinary navigation. The report yesterday was, that one of our war steamers lay anchored in the stream, afraid to pass one of the rebel batteries about twenty-five miles below Washington. The schooners, sloops, and small steamers engaged in the transportation business, which have arrived within a day or two, have been fired into at several points; and it may be said that, practically, the navigation of the Potomac is closed. War-steamers now and then creep up and down the river, under cover of night and the darkness; but to be candid, Jeff. Davis has made his threat good, that he would blockade the Potomac. How long it will remain blockaded is another question. There is a general belief and expectation that the government will speedily "shell" out the rebel batteries, or by landing drive away the gunners from their batteries. It is not, however, improbable that the Potomac will be closed temporarily, and that the government will wait till coast-wise expeditions and batteries in Virginia may force the rebel troops to retreat from the banks of the Potomac, all the way down from Harper's Ferry to Mathias Point. Our steamers in the river will doubtless watch it closely to prevent the enemy from coming over into Maryland. This is at present the purpose of our Generals—to repel any advance of the rebels, and keep them in Virginia. The idea is that attacks will soon be made on Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans, such as will compel a retreat from the Potomac.

Our troops have advanced upon the enemy's outer line of fortifications. As was expected, they amount to very little in the way of defence, and were doubtless meant rather as a feint to cover movements in other quarters, or, as a specimen of slaveholding bravado. It is somewhat difficult to interpret as yet the sudden retreat of the rebels. It is generally believed that they have some plan by which they expect to entrap the Federal army; but if such is the case, they will probably be disappointed, for Gen. McClellan is on the alert. The retreat must have a demoralizing effect upon the rebel troops, and especially the Southern people. They have boasted so loudly respecting their ability to whip us, and have dared our troops so long to come out from behind their entrenchments, that if they do not soon accept a battle, it will be difficult to show the people of the South "the reason why." But our army will not need to advance much further "upon Richmond" without having an opportunity to fight a great battle. The rebel troops must and will fight, and fight hard. They are desperate men, and never lacked physical courage. But unless I am greatly mistaken, they will be beaten in the next great battle.

The advance of yesterday, though it was bloodless, fires our troops with the right kind of spirit for further progress into the enemy's country. Whether that advance is to be made within a few days, no one can tell, but the indications are that the next few weeks are to witness a great deal of fighting, and some of it will doubtless be terrific and perhaps decisive.

Later.—The cause of the retreat of the rebels is still a mystery. It was expected that they would accept battle without falling back upon Bull Run or Manassas. How far our army will advance at once remains to be seen. That there will be some hard fighting this week everybody seems to believe certain this morning.

AVON.

OBITUARY.

DEPARTED this life on the 19th, after an illness of seven months, MARIA T. HERRIOTT, wife of David Y. Herriott, of Hermitage. She was a true friend of the slave and humanity. She suffered much, but bore it patiently, and, with calmness and serenity, breathed her last.

It was announced at the funeral that there would be a discourse at some future time upon the occasion, and it is the earnest desire of the friends of the deceased that Parker Pillsbury would deliver it soon as convenient. Will friend Pillsbury please address me at Jamestown, Mercer Co., Pa., upon sight of this?

Yours sincerely, JEREMIAH BROCKWAY.

Sept. 25, 1861.

Chronicles of the War.

The Struggle in Missouri.

THE condition of affairs in Missouri is such as may well excite the deepest anxiety at the North. The rebel victory at Lexington has greatly encouraged and strengthened the Secessionists. The rebel force at that point and vicinity is variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000, and it is manifest that it can be driven out only by bold and desperate fighting. Gen. Fremont has taken the field, and is gathering his scattered forces for a battle. He appears to have the utmost confidence in his ability to whip the foe, and the Union journals in Missouri maintain a hopeful spirit. The defeat of Mulligan was a great calamity, and it is loudly asserted that the responsibility rests upon Gen. Fremont, in that he failed to send reinforcements; but Fremont's friends affirm that he is not blameworthy, having failed only for lack of ability.

Gen. Price, in his official report of the battle of Lexington, acknowledges to only 25 killed and 72 wounded. The great seal of the State and the public records are in his possession, and he captured $800,000 in money, beside $100,000 worth of commissary stores, with a large quantity of arms and munitions. Hunter, Pope, Sturgis, Lane, and Montgomery, are all reported as advancing rapidly on Lexington from different quarters to redeem, under Gen. Fremont, the disaster of the fall of Lexington.

On the 21st, Gen. Lane's force surprised a large body of rebels at Papinsville

Miscellaneous Department.

ODE FOR THEODORE PARKER'S BIRTHDAY.*

BY F. B. SANBORN.

No more for thee shall summer bring
This day's well-marked return;
Nor, whirling round his yearly ring,
The sun of August burn.
Another splendor shines for thee,
Than that we welcome here—
Our days must all forgotten be
In Heaven's unchanging year.

But we with rites of love will keep
The day that gave thee birth,
Though far away thine ashes sleep
In free but foreign earth.
The life that with thy years began
Can never wholly die—
For still thy spirit speaks to man,
And still our hearts reply.

God's truth, by thee so long proclaimed,
Spreads wider, day by day,
And they that shrunk, afraid or shamed,
Seek now the better way:
While half the land, to anger stung
By deeds by thee foretold,
Remembers how thy fearless tongue
Rebuked and prayed of old.

Then, since the weak and base who would,
Cannot forget thy fame,
Let us, who once beside thee stood,
With honor speak thy name.
While rivers run and mountains stand,
And Love and Faith are strong,
Thy memory in thy grateful land
Shall live in speech and song.

* Written for the Celebration at Allston Hall, Boston, Aug. 23, 1861.

THREE TIMES A DAY.

"ADELA, my darling! Adela!"

"She has gone out, grandpa."

"Gone out! with whom? Has she left me here alone with you, Julietta?"

"Little Mary is here, grandpa, playing with the dog; and Marianne is in the kitchen, getting dinner ready."

This conversation was held between a little girl about nine years old, and the Baron St. Andres, an old man of eighty. He was a knight of the order of St. Louis, and had received his knighthood and insignia from the hands of Louis the Sixteenth, King of France. He was now, however, quite blind, and consequently helpless. Little Mary, a child of six years of age, made the third one of the party.

"Julietta!" resumed the old man, after a short silence, "did your sister say anything to you when she went out?"

"Yes, grandpa," replied Julietta; "she said to me, 'Take care that little Mary doesn't trouble grandpa, and if he wishes to go into the garden, give him your hand, and take care not to let him stumble over anything, because he can't see, poor grandpa! and God has given him to us, his children, to take care of him, and to obey him, and to make him as happy as we can.' Oh, I know it all by heart, grandpa, because Adela tells it to me three times a day; every time before she goes out."

"Ho! every time before she goes out? Does she often go out?" asked the old man, whose venerable brow seemed ruffled by some painful thought.

"Three times every day!" answered Julietta in some surprise; "three times every day; once in the morning, before you come down, from seven to nine o'clock; another from eleven to one; and the third from three to five, when you are asleep. You see! three times a day. Did you think that I could not reckon?"

"What o'clock is it now?" asked the Baron, rather with the hope of finding some discrepancy in Julietta's reckoning.

"It struck one, just now," Julietta answered. "And here comes Adela; I hear the garden gate opening; and she is speaking to Mary and the dog. They have come to meet her."

In a few moments Adela entered. She was a young and lovely girl; so young, she seemed as if she had scarcely emerged from childhood, and yet, so serious and so thoughtful was the expression of her countenance, that the premature cares of life had, as it were, blighted the flower of youth.

"Adela!" said the old man, in a tone so sad and serious that it brought the quick color to the young girl's face, "whence come you?" and, stretching forth his hand, he seized that of Adela's, which she had extended towards him, took it between both his own, gently stroked it, and at last said, in a mournful manner, "you are agitated, my child! you are troubled! you tremble! Whence come you?"

The young girl did not reply.

Obtaining no answer, the Baron St. Andres continued, and the slow, solemn accent with which he uttered each word, showed the sad feelings of his heart. "In 1814, I was a widower, Adela, and, of my numerous family, only one was left me, my sainted daughter, Henrietta, your mother. * * * * * Your father fell at Waterloo; you were then only twelve. Adela! Adela! what can I say? By all my past miseries—by my unceasing grief—by my gray hairs—I entreat you—tell me, whence come you? Whither go you three times every day?"

"My father," said Adela, "I am only seventeen years old, it is true, and yet, young as I am, sorrow and care have already left their impression on my brow. Three years ago my mother died, yet the sad scene is still ever present to my mind, as vividly as if it had been yesterday. I still hear the weak voice, regaining momentary strength, address me: 'Adela,' she said, 'I leave you two daughters; be a mother to them. And my poor father—I entrust him to you. Guide the two first in their course through life; show them its thorns and its dangers; hide from the second everything that would pain him.' Such were her words, and I have tried to obey them. I go out three times a day, and that troubles you; but you do not consider that I am the mistress of a family—the housekeeper, and yet more. I have to take care of you all. Are not these duties enough to call me out three times a day? Have confidence in your Adela, my dear grandfather—trust in her!"

"That is all I desire; it is all my heart wishes, my daughter. Well, well! you have been out to-day, you will not go out again! Am I right? You do not answer, Adela!"

Adela, as if she had not heard his last words, turned to Julietta, and questioned her concerning the studies which she had to recite to her in the evening, and thus adroitly changed the conversation. She then remained for some time with the little party on the piazza, until Marianne summoned them to the dinner-table. Notwithstanding her efforts to please and entertain her grandfather, she observed with pain that his mind was still troubled, and fearing that he would resume his attempts to dissuade her from again venturing out, she controlled her own feelings and chatted incessantly with the little ones—all the time, however, ministering to the old man's wants. As soon as the meal was finished, she directed Julietta to lead her grandfather back to his seat on the piazza, while she herself remained, as if to attend to her household duties. At the end of half an hour, Julietta saw her with her bonnet on her head, and her gloves on her hands, walk quickly through the garden and pass out of the gate, which she closed behind her with the least possible noise. The old man's fine sense of hearing, however, had instantly detected, and, if we may so speak, had followed all the movements of his granddaughter, and when the gate closed, he said with a deep sigh, as if speaking to himself, "She has gone out again!"

Then, probably, to divert the solicitude which was tormenting him, he directed Julietta to go and tell the servant girl to take little Mary out for a walk, and added, "Bring with you, when you come back, the newspaper that you will find on the table in the saloon, and come and read to me the article upon the public rejoicings of last week. That will amuse both you and me."

Julietta obeyed. A short time afterwards, Marianne and Mary went out for their walk, and Julietta returned, and seating herself upon a stool near her grandfather's feet, began to read the article which he had mentioned. It was a very long one, and she had to stop now and then, to spell some of the long and more difficult words; she had not quite finished it, when several knocks on the garden gate were heard.

"There is no one to open it, grandpa," said the little girl, interrupting her reading.

"You must go then," said the Baron.

The garden gate was not far enough from the piazza to prevent the old man from hearing the following dialogue, which took place between his niece and a lady—a stranger:

"Does not a young lady, a teacher of the piano, live here?" asked the lady.

"No, madam," Julietta replied.

"It must be here, certainly, my dear! I had the exact directions to this house given me. She may be a boarder, whom you do not know, my little one."

"In the whole house, there is no one but my grandpa, who is blind," answered Julietta, in the impatient tone of a little girl who liked not her word to be doubted, "and Adela, my oldest sister; and Marianne, the cook, and her husband, the gardener, and my little sister Mary, and the dog, and I: and no one else. But sometimes a young lady comes here who teaches the piano, and perhaps she is the one you want to see."

"I wish to see Miss Adela St. Andres, who teaches the piano in the family of——"

"I never tell fibs, ma'am!" said Julietta, impatiently interrupting her; "my sister Adela is not a teacher of the piano. Don't you think I ought to know?"

"Does the Baron St. Andres live here?" asked a young man, stopping also at the half open gate.

"Yes, sir."

"Then, certainly, the young lady for whom you are inquiring lives here, madam," he said to the lady who was questioning Julietta; "and, doubtless, the Baron St. Andres, whom I seek, is her grandfather." And to the intense surprise, and even anger, of Julietta, who still insisted that her sister was not a teacher of music, the young man made his way to the piazza, approached the blind grandfather, and, having assured himself that he was speaking to the Baron St. Andres, said, "Baron, I have the pleasure of announcing to you that your pension is restored."

"Sir, sir, you must certainly have taken me for some one else," the Baron said, his surprise almost as great as that of Julietta, "for my pension has never been taken from me. How, then, can you say it is restored?"

"Are you not the Baron St. Andres who served in the reign of Louis XV., and Louis XVI., in the Vendean wars? who had lost five sons in the wars of the Empire?"

"Yes, sir," the Baron answered.

"Your granddaughter—the young lady Adela St. Andres—does she not give lessons on the piano in the house of the Minister of War—in fact, to my sisters?"

"Explain yourself, sir! explain yourself!" the old man exclaimed. "My pension lost! Adela! Three times a day! Oh! I entreat you explain!"

"It is a very simple matter," the young man said; "but how can you be ignorant of all this? It is a fact that I have two sisters, and about a year ago, when they were seeking a teacher of music, your granddaughter, the young lady Adela, offered her services; she was recommended by the Countess de Bricourt, whose daughters she was also teaching. After some months had passed, knowing that I was in the war office, and that I am the minister's nephew, she told me that your pension had been discontinued for two years, and that no cause had been assigned for it; and she added, 'Neither a blind old man, nor a young girl like me, can take the necessary steps to ascertain the reason.' 'Make your mind easy upon that point,' I said to her; 'I will take charge of the matter.' I have fulfilled my promise; and now I have the pleasure of communicating to you the pleasing intelligence that orders have been given not only for the restoration of your pension, but also for the payment of all arrears."

"Oh, Adela! noble and worthy girl!" exclaimed the old man, raising his sightless eyes to heaven. "Oh, my daughter! so unjustly accused—you have concealed all this from me—all—even the labor which your filial love induced you to undertake. Oh! where is she? Why does she not come? Go, go, and seek her."

Julietta went out, as if for that purpose, and the Baron, gradually overcoming his emotion, related to the young man and to the strange lady all that had passed that morning—his fears and his anxieties for his granddaughter. The praises and blessings which the old man lavished upon the absent Adela, met full sympathy from at least one of his hearers.

"Oh, Baron, my dear sir," the young man said, "you do not know me yet; I am a stranger to you, but I will give you ample satisfaction concerning my family; I have long loved your granddaughter; she does not reject me; give her to me, I implore you, for my wife."

At this moment a cry of joy from Julietta announced the return of Adela. When the latter saw the two persons who were standing near her grandfather, she blushed deeply, and hesitated in her approach; but the old man called her to him, and, fondly embracing her, said, "Everything is discovered, you darling! you little rogue! and here is one who claims the right to be your husband, and to separate you from me."

"He who claims that right," the still blushing girl answered, with a strange mingling of timidness and firmness, "must also take upon him the charge of an old man, and two little ones, for whose welfare and happiness I am responsible in the eyes of God."

"All, all whom you love, shall be most dearly welcomed, dearest lady."

Adela educated her two sisters, and saw them happily married—as happy as herself, and none could wish a happier lot. The blind old Baron lived to an extreme old age, and at length died in the arms of his granddaughter, bequeathing her his last fond blessing.—*Young People's Illuminated Magazine.*

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

[When Gen. Fremont proclaimed to the rebels of Missouri, "their slaves, if any, are FREE MEN," millions said to each other, "*This* is what we have waited for. *This* trumpet gives no uncertain sound." The eloquent Wm. H. Channing wrote joyfully to a friend: "My faith is that, as a nation, God finds us *worth* saving, and that we *shall* be saved. His glorious will be done! Let us try to do it!" His hopeful words at once brought to mind the following noble lines by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL:]

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to
west;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of
Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks on nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's heart.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame,
Through its ocean-sundered Slave-veins, feels the rush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of *one* race, *all the rest* have equal claim.

Once, to every man and nation, comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's *new* Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And *the choice goes by forever*, 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

We see dimly, in the Present, what is small and what is great;
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of Fate;
But the soul is still oracular—amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within!
"*They enslave their children's children, who make compromise with Sin!*"

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey;
Shall we guide his gory fingers when our helpless children play?

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our Fathers' graves;
Worshippers of light *ancestral* make the *present* light a crime.
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards? steered by men behind *their* time?
Turn those tracks toward Past, or *Future*, that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

They were men of *present* valor—stalwart old iconoclasts;
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's.
But we make *their* truth *our* falsehood, thinking that has made *us* free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great *Impulse* which drove *them* across the sea.

New occasions teach new duties! Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we *ourselves* must Pilgrims be,
Launch *our* Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

THE MORAL ELEMENT IN REFORM.

A NEW work by Patrick Allan Fraser, entitled "An Unpopular View of our Times," discusses the subject of social reform, urging the importance of the moral element as the necessary substratum of all material prosperity. "He, in point of fact, believes in that theory which Lord Macaulay ascribed to the Covenanters with abundance of pungent ridicule, namely, that it is a man's business to save his soul as much as to save his country; and he heartily disbelieves in the view ascribed, in turn, to Lord Macaulay by Mr. Emerson, namely, that 'good means good to eat.' Thus, the first question we should ask ourselves with regard to any scientific or mechanical discovery, is not whether it will promote our comfort or our commerce, but whether it will injure our health or our morals. In many instances, Mr. Fraser thinks that the substitution of machinery for manual labor has proved detrimental to both, and it cannot, therefore, in his judgment, be conducive to the highest civilization. From a similar point of view, he argues that we shall never get rid of quarrels between workmen and employers while their relations continue to be adjusted by political economy. Introduce into these relations some moral element: show the workman that his master values him as a man, and not merely as a machine, and he will gradually be brought into a frame of mind in which he will cease to take a purely class view of his position. It is this neglect of the humanity and individuality of those beneath us which seems, in Mr. Fraser's eyes, to be the crying evil of the day. He is no friend to philanthropic institutions, or 'associated' benevolence of any kind, which he maintains has usurped the place of true *Christian* benevolence. This latter virtue shows itself in kindliness and sympathy between man and man, not in disbursements of money for the benefit of large masses of whom we know nothing. He pursues this view into every department of our social life, complaining generally that we all act too much upon the principle described by Juvenal—the *proper vitam vivendi perdere causas:* that we heap up riches by processes injurious to health, so that when we have got them we have no longer the power to enjoy them; that we cram our children with knowledge for the sake of worldly advancement, which ends only in making them dissatisfied with their lot; and that our public companies and other great trading associations, by their disregard of high morality and absolute devotion to money-making, are impairing the national character of England, and so ruining our greatness at its roots while striving to overload its branches."

THE FLY.

TO BE RECITED TO A LITTLE CHILD.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

Baby Bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls—
Yet he never falls!
I believe, with six such legs,
You and I could walk on eggs!
There he goes
On his toes
Tickling Baby's nose!

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread!
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck!
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes:
Three small pairs
Made of hairs—
These he always wears!

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down.
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste;
Yet, though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun;
What if he gets into one?
When it rains,
He complains
On the window-panes.
Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things;
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat:
There's his mouth between his feet!
On his back
Is a sack
Like a pedler's pack.
Does the Baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand!
Put a crumb
On her thumb:
Maybe he will come!

Catch him? No!
Let him go;
Never hurt an insect so.
But, no doubt,
He flies out
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the Baby's milk!
Fie! oh fie!
Foolish fly,
How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs;
Then they wipe their heads and eyes;
Cats, you know,
Wash just so;
Then their whiskers grow!
Flies have hair too short to comb;
So they fly bareheaded home;
But the Gnat
Wears a hat;
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we—
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little Fly
Ope your eye—
Spiders are near by!
For a secret I can tell—
Spiders never treat flies well!
Then, away!
Do not stay—
Little fly, good day!

OPINION ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

CROMER, August 12, 1861.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: Your contributors are probably just now scattered, or scattering, over the whole of Europe, if not farther. Having myself being away from town since the 3d, I don't know much of what may have been the talk there about the American war, and the defeat of the Northern army at Manassas Junction. You may have fixed on some one to write on the subject, and in that case you can consign this letter to the waste-paper basket; but, if there is no one told off for this duty, I hope you will let me volunteer, for I do think that the tone of all our leading journals (so far as I have been able to see them in this delightfully quiet little fishing village) has, with the single exception of *The Spectator*, been ungenerous and unfair, and has not represented the better mind of England. At the same time, under present circumstances, it is better, perhaps, to put what I have to say in the form of a letter, for which I alone am responsible.

In the first place, then, this defeat, this panic at Manassas Junction, had it been ten times as disastrous as it has been, has not altered in the least, and cannot alter the rights and wrongs of the great question at issue. A truism this, no doubt; but, for all that, when one sees the way in which mere success is worshipped here, and the sudden spring which the South has made into popularity in newspaper columns since the last mails, a truism which needs repeating! If the North were right before, they are right now, though defeated. If the Confederates were rebels before, they are rebels still, though triumphant for the moment.

If the United States were to remain a nation at all, they had not only the right, but were bound by every feeling of national honor to strain every nerve to bring the secessionists to reason. How did they set about the work? They were utterly unprepared, without troops, without officers, without military stores. Their troops had been carefully scattered in small detachments over the Western and Southern States; the officers were almost all Southerners, who resigned their commissions, and joined the rebels; the stores had been accumulated in the Southern forts and arsenals. They waited as long as there was hope of an amicable arrangement; when that hope came to nothing, at the word of the President the whole North rose as one man. That rising was as grand, as noble a national act, as any which we have seen, or are likely to see, in our generation. It wrung an approval even from that portion of the press and people of this country who were most exasperated at the unlucky Morrill tariff, and at the menacing attitude which the President's government chose to assume towards us.

Have they flinched from their work? We hear, indeed, of a regiment or two of volunteers, enlisted for three months, who are going home; but the nation has not shown the slightest symptom of turning back. On the contrary, the President, Congress, and the nation, though they may show their resolution in ways which do not please us—which would not be ours, perhaps, under like circumstances—do show the most unflinching resolution to go through with what they have begun. When this is so no longer, it will be time enough to sneer at them.

Then, as to the battle itself, and the panic; what is the fair view of it? By the time this letter is printed, we may, perhaps, have full details; at present one has nothing beyond the barest possible dispatches, and a set of one-sided accounts, written under strong excitement, to go upon. From these, however, we find that there was a determined struggle of many hours before the Northern troops were beaten. Jefferson Davis's dispatch begins, "Manassas Junction, Sunday night.—Night has closed upon a hard-fought field; our forces are victorious," etc. There is no evidence whatever as yet that the troops which were in action did not behave gallantly, but much the other way. Some regiments are reported as "cut to pieces." I think that these are most likely New England or New York regiments, composed chiefly of Americans, and well organized—men who knew what they were fighting for, and how to fight. All accounts agree in the statement that the troops which took the lead in the panic were a rabble of all nations, Americans, Irish, Germans, and others, who had been hastily thrown together, and half-drilled. They will fight well enough yet, when they have been made into regulars; but volunteers, to fight well, must be borne up by enthusiasm for a cause, which here was wholly wanting. And, as to the panic, we may just as well remember, what has been so well put in *The Spectator*, that these troops, "in their maddest excitement, did nothing which was not done by the Frenchmen who, within five days, drove the first infantry in Europe back from the hill of Valmy."

The advance was premature, badly planned, and not well executed. This is surely natural enough at the beginning of such a war. It seems that the Northern press are largely responsible for the movement. And here, again, there are good grounds for anything but contempt and hard words. On the news of the defeat, all the best of the Northern papers have acknowledged their error, and formally undertaken to abstain from military criticism. Our own papers are so little in the habit of acknowledging themselves in the wrong, or of abstaining from criticism, however ill-judged, on any matter under the sun, that I confess to being rather struck by this action of the American journalists.

While speaking of American journals I may remark that the passages cited in *The Times*, and other papers, which have so disgusted and angered many of us, are from the New York *Herald*, a notoriously Southern paper, and one of the most scurrilous journals in the whole States. At the breaking out of the war the office of this paper was with difficulty preserved from destruction. Since that time it has not dared to show its Southern sympathies, but has devoted itself, in the obvious interests of its clients, to the work of embroiling the Northern States with us by its unscrupulous and lying virulence. I quite admit that the tone of the government and people of the North has been such as deeply to grieve and disappoint every right-minded Englishman; but don't let us saddle them with the frantic slanders of the New York *Herald*. These must be put in all fairness to the credit of the South.

Hitherto I have been speaking without immediate reference to the great cause in issue. I believe that, apart from that cause, the North are entitled to our good wishes. They are in the right, apart from all question of slavery. If they really mean to leave "State rights" untouched—if they are not even fighting to keep "the territories" free—if, as we are often told in newspaper articles, slavery has nothing to say to the war at all—I must repeat that they are emphatically right.

But does anybody seriously believe this? Will any serious person get up and say, in his own name, or write in his own name, that the meaning of the whole war—the point really at issue, from first to last—has not been, and is not (to put it at the lowest) whether slavery shall be confined to its present limits in North America, or allowed to extend as and where it can? That *was* the issue; perhaps it is so still. But those who entered on the war with this as the goal of their hopes and efforts, who would gladly have accepted the limitation of slavery to its present limits a few months or weeks ago, will, unless they are very different men from what I believe them to be—unless the teaching of all history is vain—not be content now with this compromise. The great cause of freedom will draw them, and the nation after them, along paths which they would never have sought for themselves.

It is the battle of human freedom which the North are fighting, and which should draw to them the sympathy of every Englishman, and make him cast to the winds all Morrill tariffs and angry talk about Canada, all bad manners, and hard words. If the North is beaten, it will be a misfortune such has not come on the world since Christendom arose. An empire will be founded in these Southern States on the simple base of slavery, having no other starting point or principle whatever than their right to enslave men of their own flesh and blood. It is of no use to speculate upon what the acts and policy of such a State will be. The world will see that soon enough, should it arise. Meantime the Northern States stand alone between us and it, and the greatest misfortune which can happen to us and to mankind will be their defeat.

God grant that they may hold on, and be strong! God grant that they may remember that the greatest triumphs have always come, and must always come, to men through the greatest humiliations. God himself could not set men free but through this rule.

I am yours very truly, THOMAS HUGHES.

THE NORSEMAN.

A SWARTHY strength, with face of light,
As dark sword-iron is beaten bright:
A brave frank look, with health a-glow,
Bonny blue eyes and open brow;
His friend he welcomes heart-in-hand,
But foot to foot his foe must stand;
A man who will face to his last breath
The sternest facts of life and death:
This is the daring Norseman.

The wild wave-motion, weird and strange,
Rocks in him: seaward he must range.
For life is just a mighty lust
To wear away with use, not rust.
Though bitter wintry cold the storm,
The fire within him keeps him warm.
Kings quiver at his flag unfurled;
The sea-king's master of the world;
Conquering comes the Norseman.

He hides, at heart of his rough life,
A world of sweetness for the wife;
From his rude breast a babe may press
Soft milk of human tenderness,
Make his eyes water, his heart dance,
And sunrise in his countenance:
In merry mood his ale he quaffs
By fire-light, and his jolly heart laughs:
The blithe great-hearted Norseman.

But when the battle-trumpet rings,
His soul's a war-horse clad with wings!
He drinks delight in with the breath
Of battle and the dust of death!
The axes redden, spring the sparks,
Blood-radiant grow the grey mail-sarks:
Such blows might batter, as they fell,
Heaven's gates, or burst the booms of hell:
So fights the fearless Norseman.

The Norseman's king must stand up tall;
A head that could be seen o'er all;
Mainmast of Battle! when the plain
Grew miry red with bloody rain;
And grip his weapon for the fight,
Until his knuckle all grew white!
Their banner-staff he bears is best
If double handful for the rest,
When "Follow me!" cries the Norseman.

Valiant and true, as Sagas tell,
The Norseman hated lies like hell;
Hardy from the cradle to the grave,
'Twas their religion to be brave;
Great silent fighting men, whose words
Were few, soon said, and out with swords!
One, saw his heart cut from his side,
Living—and smiled; and, smiling, died!
The unconquerable Norseman.

They swam the flood, they strode the flame,
Nor quailed when the Valkyrie came
To kiss the chosen for her charms,
With "Rest, my hero, in mine arms."
Their spirits through a grim wide wound,
The Norse doorway to heaven found.
And borne upon the battle-blast,
Into the Hall of Heroes passed:
And there was crowned the Norseman.

The Norseman wrestled with old Rome
For Freedom in our island home:
He taught us how to ride the sea,
With hempen bridle, horse of tree.
His spirit stood with Robin Hood,
By Freedom in the merry green wood,
When William ruled the English land,
With cruel heart and bloody hand;
For Freedom fights the Norseman.

Still in our race the Norse king reigns,
His best blood beats along our veins;
With his old glory we can glow,
And surely steam where he could row.
Is danger stirring? Up from sleep
Our war-dog wakes, his watch to keep
Stands with our banner over him,
True as of old, and stern and grim;
Come on, you'll find the Norseman.

When swords are gleaming you shall see
The Norseman's face flash gloriously,
With look that makes the foeman reel:
His mirror from of old was steel.
And still he wields, in battle's hour,
That old Thor's hammer of Norse power;
Strikes with a desperate arm of might,
And at the last tug turns the fight:
For never yields the Norseman.

GERALD MASSEY.

MARRIAGE BY CLERGYMEN.—Mr. Jas. Savage, who has made extensive historical and genealogical researches, stated, at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society some time since, that he had discovered no record of a marriage performed by a clergyman in New England prior to 1686, except in George's Province, by a clergyman of the Church of England. The statement elicited some discussion. It was accounted for by the fact that marriage was considered by the Puritans to be a civil contract and not a religious rite. In abjuring the forms and ceremonies of the Established Church as offshoots of Popery, the marriage sacrament was also abandoned. Winthrop's History of New England contains the following:

"1647, 4, 4th day, 6th month. There was a great marriage to be solemnized at Boston. The bridegroom being of Hingham, Mr. Hubbard's church, he was procured to preach, and came to Boston to that end. But, the magistrates, hearing of it, sent to him to forbear. The reasons were: 1. For that his spirit had been discovered to be averse to our ecclesiastical and civil government; and he was a bold man and would speak his mind. 2. We were not willing to bring in the English custom of ministers performing the solemnities of marriage, which sermons at such times might induce; but if any ministers were present, and would bestow a word of exhortation, etc., it was permitted."—*Bost. Journal.*

NON-RESISTANTS AND THE WAR.

[Our readers will all be glad to learn the views of the present war conscientiously held by a body of intelligent, conscientious and worthy people, who are not merely "peace men" as that phrase is usually understood, but Non-Resistants, in obedience to what they believe to be the teachings of Christ and his religion. We therefore print the following.]

DECLARATORY RESOLUTIONS

Of The Hopedale Community with reference to the existing civil war, reaffirming their original principles, positions and testimonies.

WHEREAS, a great and deplorable civil war has broken out between the Northern and Southern sections of the United States of America, and the people of the Southern section are in organized revolutionary insurrection against the constitutional government of the Federal Union; and, whereas, we, the members of The Hopedale Community, are peaceable subjects of said constitutional government, though for reasons of conscience, not participants therein, nor martial combatants in any behalf; and, whereas, in the present momentous crisis, our peculiar principles and positions ought to be distinctly understood; therefore, we, the members of said Community, in regular meeting assembled, do adopt and publish the following declaratory resolutions, viz.:

1. Resolved, That we unanimously adhere, with unwavering firmness, to our fundamental religious principles, as originally set forth by solemn Declaration in the year 1841, in the published Constitution of our Community, and as again set forth, with some enlargement, by like solemn Declaration, in the year 1854, in the published Constitution of *The Practical Christian Republic*, whereof we are also members.

2. Resolved, That we unanimously adhere, with unwavering firmness, to the declared fundamental objects, positions and policy set forth in the two said Constitutions, and especially in respect to the governments under which we live, as peaceable subjects thereof, yet non-participants therein; being conscientiously scrupulous against all chattel slavery, death-penalties, injurious force, war, and dernier resorts to carnal weapons.

3. Resolved, That we regard human governments, not as special divine institutions prescribing supreme moral laws to mankind, nor as spiritual and religious agencies designed to regenerate, reform and purify the world, but as societary institutions naturally formed, modified and characterized by those more subtle influences behind them which work through the will of peoples and their leaders. Hence they are of the world as it *is*, restraining and regulating it by all available forces as it *is*, controlling the masses of society as they *are*, according to the dictates of worldly expediency for the present time; and, being agencies of this nature, always adapted to the deep-felt necessities of their constituents, they are continually overruled in the Providence of God for the prevention of greater evils than they inflict, and thus for the universal good.

Therefore, the eternal laws of order require that the highest and best minds, who themselves are immediately governed by divine principles, and who have risen spiritually above all these human governments, should so far respect them in their place as to be their peaceable subjects in temporal things, to approve whatever is really good in them, to testify considerately yet faithfully against what is evil, to enjoy quietly all innocent rights and privileges accorded by them, and when obliged, for conscience' sake, to disobey any of their requirements to submit meekly to their inflictions as martyrs, never resisting them by physical violence, and thus, in all these ways, using the most effectual means of reforming them.

4. Resolved, That we understand Jesus Christ to be at the head of the highest and best human minds, set forth by the Father as their model, their leader, and their continual strengthener:

That while always a peaceable subject of the human governments under which he lived, as indicated in the preceding resolution, he stood spiritually above them on the plane of absolute divine principles:

That he instituted his Church on that high spiritual plane, and called his disciples to stand together in voluntary association with him thereon, as the pioneers of human regeneration:

And, therefore, that he said to and of them—"Ye are the salt of the earth"—"Ye are the light of the world"—"Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves, be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves"—"He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me"—"They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world"—"That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

5. Resolved, That when the professed disciples of Christ attach themselves to human governments which are far below the true Christian plane, pay them their highest allegiance, make themselves responsible for their constitutional administration, fight their battles, and help execute their death-penalties, it is no longer true of them, that they are "The salt of the earth," or "The light of the world," or "Are as sheep in the midst of wolves—wise as serpents and harmless as doves," or "follow" their acknowledged Master, or are the pioneers of human regeneration and progress, or are "*Not* of the world, even as he was not of the world," or are *one* with him and each other.

But it is then true of them, that they descend to a level with the world as it *is;* they follow its dim light; they are *of* the world, acting with and like the wolves of the world; being divided asunder from each other, counterworking each other in politics, devoting themselves to hostile flags, slaughtering each other on the battle-field, praying and fasting for God's help in destroying each other, and mocking the all-perfect Father with thanksgivings for murderous victories.

Thus, instead of enlightening, purifying and elevating the world, its societies and governments, they darken and corrupt them, in the same degree that they apostatize from Christ, and desert the high plane of his true Church. And that all this is essentially true of every class of philanthropists, reformers and moralists who profess to lead the human race in progress.

6. Resolved, That though we ourselves are deeply sensible of our unworthiness to be called disciples of Christ, yet we humbly desire to be such, and are endeavoring, by divine assistance, to occupy his luminous plane and to follow him in the work of human regeneration. Therefore, we must persistently testify against every pretended form of Christianity which makes itself "of the world" as it *is*, or acts as the supple handmaid of human governments, performing services therein contrary to the supreme law of universal good will, which forbids us to kill, injure, harm or hate any human being, even our worst enemy. And we cannot ourselves do less than perpetually acknowledge it to be our bounden duty to obey that supreme law in all things, however short we may sometimes fall of it through human weakness.

7. Resolved, That, in the light of the foregoing resolutions, our first and highest allegiance is due to the sovereignty of divine principles, as illustrated by Jesus Christ:

That our first and highest attachment must be to the glorious white banner of his kingdom, with the cross of self-sacrifice in its centre, radiating a benignant halo in all directions, with a dove surmounting that cross, spreading her wings and bearing in her mouth an olive branch, and with a wolf and a lamb at its foot harmlessly resting together:

That we cannot aid even the best existing governments on earth in destroying human life, though our refusal should subject us to the bitterest martyrdom:

That we are bound by our religious principles to be orderly, peaceable, inoffensive subjects of the governments under which we live, and to relieve the sufferings of our fellow-creatures around us to the utmost extent of a reasonable charity:

That we can neither excite nor encourage any mob, riot, rebellion, insurrection or warlike revolution, even for an ostensibly good object—much less such an abhorrent insurrection as the one now raging at the South for the extension and perpetuation of human slavery:

That while we deeply deplore the war itself now in process, we deplore still more the sinful causes which have rendered this great calamity inevitable under the eternal laws of divine order, as a just retribution for national transgressions—to wit, lust of wealth, lust of power, and lust of sensual pleasures, all culminating in the persistent upholding, by law and force, of the gigantic institution of Africo-chattel slavery:

That though we have no moral sympathy whatever with the insurrectionists, but much with the Federal government and its loyal adherents; and though we see that the loyalists, on their own wordly plane of moral action must conquer the rebels by overwhelming deadly force, or ignominiously abandon their constitutional government, and falsify their solemn obligations of allegiance; yet we feel none the less bound to abide with Christ on his high plane of peaceful righteousness, and thereby endeavor, however gradually, to leaven the minds of mankind with those benignant principles which alone can put an end to all disorder and violence:

That in the meantime we should be unfaithful to our convictions of truth and duty, if we recognized this as a war for the emancipation of our down-trodden American bondmen, whatever may chance to be its actual results, and if we did not unequivocally reiterate our testimony against the fore-mentioned great national sins, especially the upholding of slavery both by the North and South, which has brought on our country this calamitous scourge, and if also we did not earnestly entreat the people of all parties concerned to hasten their repentance, and make all possible reparation to the injured millions whose cries are still going up into the ears of the infinite Father for redress:

That we do not deem ourselves in any wise responsible for this terrible conflict, having done what we could in our humble way, by warning and example, to prevent it, and to avert the storm of retributive sufferings with which it comes down on the nation; so that nothing now remains for us in relation to it, but to abstain from all complicity with it, to bear patiently our portion of its ills, to relieve where we can the distresses of its victims, and to look forward with unwavering confidence in the all-wise providence of God to better days, when he shall have overruled all its wrath and woes for ultimate good:

And finally that we deem it our proper mission, under Jesus Christ, to bear such testimonies and lead such lives as will tend to regenerate mankind, elevate them to the true Christian plane, conform all human governments to the divine, abolish all dernier resorts to carnal weapons, supersede all deadly forces with beneficent ones, and thus consummate the reign of universal love and peace.

[*Unanimously passed in regular Community meeting, September* 13, 1861.]

WM. S. HAYWOOD, *President.*
CYRUS BRADBURY, *Recorder.*

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